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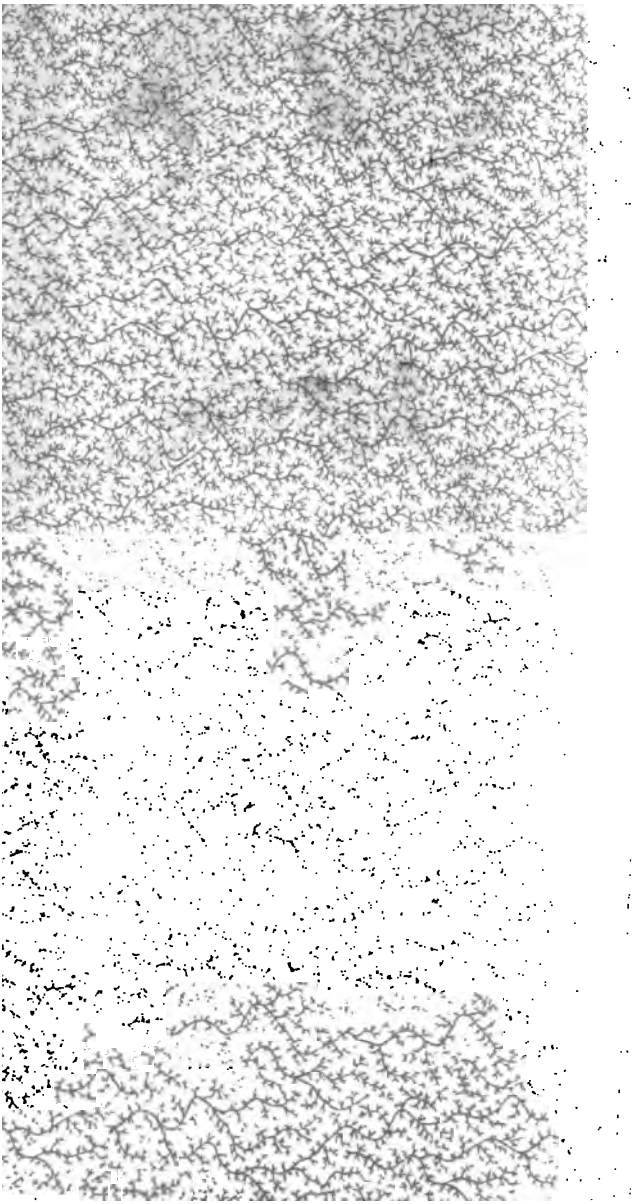

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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS. —— IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, J. DODSLEY, G. KEARSLEY, T. LOWNDES, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, J. MURRAY, T. BECKET, R. BALDWIN, AND T. EVANS.

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A

DEDICATION

TO

A GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my Uncle Toby* to Mr. *** —— I ſee more reaſons, *a poſteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I ſhould lament from my ſoul, if this expoſed me to the jealouſy of their Reverences; becauſe *a poſteriori*, in Court-latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for preferment—or any thing elſe—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worſe, than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impreſſions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of baſe metal; but Gold and Silver will paſs all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The ſame good will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at preſent, as half an hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable and refreſhing after labour and ſorrow, than after a philoſophical repaſt.

Nothing is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are

ſo totally different as thoſe of Miniſters, and innocent Lovers: for which reaſon, when I come to talk of Stateſmen and Patriots, and ſet ſuch marks upon them as will prevent confuſion and miſtakes concerning them for the future—I propoſe to dedicate that Volume to ſome gentle Shepherd,

Whoſe thoughts proud Science never taught to ſtray,
Far as the Stateſman's walk or Patriot-way;
Yet *ſimple Nature* to his hopes had given
Out of a cloud-capp'd head a humbler heaven;
Some *untam'd* World in depth of woods embraced—
Some happier Iſland in the watry-waſte—
And where admitted to that equal ſky,
His *faithful Dogs* ſhould bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his Imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a

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Diverſion to his paſſionate and love-ſick Contemplations. In the mean time,

I am

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

Now I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt in *France* as we do in *England*; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a *French* poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the

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two words * * * * * * and * * * * * * in which there is as much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion—they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour: for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* which the reader chuſes to *lend* me—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

——My ink burns my finger to try ——and when I have——'twill have a worſe conſequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

——No;——I dare not——

But if you wiſh to know how the *abbeſs* of *Andoüillets* and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

CHAP. II.

THE abbeſs of *Andoüillets*, which, if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at *Paris*, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide *Burgundy* from *Savoy*, being in danger of an *Anchyloſis* or ſtiff joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins), and having tried every remedy———firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly——then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her——then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of *Lyſtra*, who had been impotent from his youth——then wrap-

ping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed—then croſs-wiſe her roſary—then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals——then treating it with emollient and reſolving fomentations——— then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lillies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap——then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia——— and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of *Bourbon*——ſo having firſt obtain'd leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, *&c.*—had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have

been ſet up for ever by the hot-baths of *Bourbon*, *Margarita*, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old caleſh, belonging to the abbeſſe, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled——the under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—— and a taylor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over-againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell, as he tied it on with a thong.——

——The carpenter and the ſmith of *Andoüillets* held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all look'd ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the

convent for the hot-baths of *Bourbon*—two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The abbeſs of *Andouïllets*, ſupported by *Margarita* the novice, advanced ſlowly to the caleſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts——

——There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the caleſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and *Margarita* look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lilly hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and *Margarita* laid their hands ſaint-wiſe upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bleſs "you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, whom I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-

ſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the caleſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the *Burgundian* hill on which it grew was ſteep—a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly

through the leaves—" Come—come, " thirſty muleteer—come in."

—The muleteer was a ſon of *Adam*. I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking in the abbeſs's and *Margarita*'s faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, " here I am"—he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules, " get on"——ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of *Andoüillets*, *&c. &c.* and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle *Margarita*, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of *Savoy*, *&c.*—*&c.*—and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of

herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, *&c. &c.* and that if the waters of *Bourbon* did not mend that leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both—*&c. &c. &c.*—He ſo contrived his ſtory, as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice, and what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inaſmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beaſts are)—they do it ſide-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.———Philoſophers, with all their ethics, have never conſidered this rightly—how ſhould the poor muleteer then, in his cups, conſider it at all? he did not in the leaſt—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men——and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbeſs, and *Margarita*.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide glance, and no muleteer behind them——

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no further——And if I do, replied the other—they ſhall make a drum of my hide.——

And ſo with one cònſent they ſtopp'd thus——

CHAP. III.

——Get on with you, ſaid the abbeſs.

——Wh - - - - yſh——yſh——cried *Margarita.*

Sh - - - a——ſhu - u——ſhu - - u——ſh - - aw——ſhaw'd the abbeſs.

——Whu—v—w——whew—w—w—whuv'd *Margarita,* purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump—thump—thump—obſtreperated the abbeſs of *Andoüillets* with the end of her gold-headed cane againſt the bottom of the caleſh——

——The old mule let a f—

CHAP. IV.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the abbeſs to *Margarita*,——we ſhall be here all night——we ſhall be plunder'd——we ſhall be raviſh'd——

——We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid *Margarita*, as ſure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbeſs! (forgetting the *O!*)—why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of *Andoüillets?* and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *ſervant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where rather than be in this ſtrait?

Strait! ſaid the abbeſs.

Strait——ſaid the novice; for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings——the one knew not what ſhe ſaid——the other what ſhe anſwer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbeſs.

——inity!——inity! ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP. V.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,——there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill, whether he will or no; be he never ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horror—No; replied *Margarita* calmly—but they are words ſinful—What are they? quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her: They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwered *Margarita*, —they are mortal—and if we are raviſh'd

and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall both——but you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*——They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed——no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?——no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and *Margarita*, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!——but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment——

——and how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting, with unpolluted lips—inſtruct me——guide me——

CHAP. VI.

ALL ſins whatever, quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further diviſion. Now a venial ſin being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all ſins, —being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the reſt—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf and another perſon—in courſe becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,* a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the ſyllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger,* were it from our matins to our veſpers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*—I will ſay *bou,* and thou ſhalt ſay *ger*; and then alternately, as there is no more ſin in *fou* than in *bou*—Thou ſhalt ſay *fou*—and I will come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, at

our complines) with *ter*. And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus:

Abbeſs, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } —— ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbeſs, } —— ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tails; but it went no further.——'Twill anſwer by an' by, ſaid the novice.

Abbeſs, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita, } —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker ſtill, cried *Margarita*.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker ſtill, cried *Margarita*.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker ſtill—God preſerve me! ſaid the abbeſs—They do not underſtand us, cried *Margarita*—But the Devil does, ſaid the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*.

CHAP. VII.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen, during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of *Burgundy*, and CHALLON, and *Mâcon* the capital of the *Mâconeſe*, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over——I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next entirely loſt, do what I will——

—Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory! *Triſtram.*

———Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs—the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation——I

had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom and holineſs and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever——You would have come with a better appetite from it——

——I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out——let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap——I fear you ſit upon it, Madam——'tis under the cuſhion——I'll put it on——

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half-hour.——There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. VIII.

——All you need ſay of *Fontainbleau* (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth *ſomething*) from *Paris*, in the middle of a large foreſt——That there is ſomething great in it——That the king goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chace—and that, during that carnival of ſporting, any *Engliſh* gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to outgallop the king——

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, Becauſe 'twill make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true. ——*Allons!*

As for SENS——you may diſpatch it

in a word——" *'Tis an archiepiſcopal ſee.*"

——For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through *Europe*, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle *Toby*, and *Trim*, and *Obadiah*, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home, at SHANDY HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at *Auxerre*, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſert——he has left me enough to ſay upon AUXERRE: in ſhort, wherever my father went——but 'twas more remarkably ſo, in this journey through *France* and *Italy*, than in any other ſtages of his

life——his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he ſaw kings and courts and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights——and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners, and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*—(to ſay nothing of myſelf)—and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry—they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragi-comical a contexture—That the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of *Europe*, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or which comes to the ſame point—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to ſtand ſtill.——

——But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling—to the abby of Saint *Germain*, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which Monſieur *Sequier* has given ſuch a recommendation. ——I'll go ſee any body, quoth my uncle *Toby*; for he was all compliance thro' every ſtep of the journey——Defend me! ſaid my father—they are all mummies——Then one need not ſhave; quoth my uncle *Toby*——Shave! no—cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abby of Saint *Germain*.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the

ſacriſtan, who was a younger brother of the order of *Benedictines*—but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur *Sequier* has given the world ſo exact a deſcription.—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe; he led us into the tomb of St. *Heribald*——This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the houſe of *Bavaria*, who under the ſucceſſive reigns of *Charlemagne*, *Louis le Debonnair*, and *Charles the Bald*, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline——

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—— I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier ——He was a monk—ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My uncle *Toby* and *Trim* ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not: my father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled

him; for though he hated a monk and the very ſmell of a monk worſe than all the devils in hell——yet the ſhot hitting my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

——And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly: This tomb, ſaid the young *Benedictine*, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint MAXIMA, who came from *Ravenna* on purpoſe to touch the body———

——Of Saint MAXIMUS, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him —they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father ——Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan—— ——'twas to touch the bones of Saint *Germain*, the builder of the abby—— And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father——MARTYRDOME; replied the young *Benedictine*, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering

the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the *Benedictine*, that St. *Maxima* has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization——'Tis but a ſlow riſe, brother *Toby*, quoth my father, in this ſelf-ſame army of martyrs.——A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid *Trim*, unleſs one could purchaſe——I ſhould rather ſell out entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father.

——Poor St. *Maxima!* ſaid my uncle *Toby* low to himſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of *Italy* or *France*, continued the ſacriſtan——But who the duce has got lain down here, beſides her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on——It is Saint *Optat*, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan——And properly is Saint *Optat* plac'd! ſaid my father: And what is Saint *Optat*'s ſtory? continued

he. Saint *Optat*, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop——

——I thought ſo, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him——Saint *Optat!*——how ſhould Saint *Optat* fail? ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young *Benedictine* holding him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of chriſtian names, and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in Saint *Optat*'s tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'Twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it,—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in *Auxerre*.

—I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, ſaid my father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare—And while you are paying that viſit, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. IX.

—Now this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all——for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has help'd me through *Auxerre*, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of *Auxerre* in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of *Auxerre* in that which I ſhall write hereafter——There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by puſhing at ſomething beyond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of *Auxerre* with my father and my uncle *Toby*, in our way back to dinner——and I am this moment alſo entering *Lyons* with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavil-

lion built by *Pringello* *, upon the banks of the *Garonne*, which Monſ. *Sligniac* has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodiſing all theſe affairs.

——Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

CHAP. X.

I AM glad of it, ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walk'd into *Lyons*——my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me——I am heartily glad, ſaid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to *Avignon*, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coſt me ſeven livres——and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire

* The ſame Don *Pringello*, the celebrated *Spaniſh* architect, of whom my couſin *Antony* has made ſuch honourable mention in a ſcholium to the Tale inſcribed to his name.

Vid. p. 129, ſmall edit.

a couple of mules—or aſſes, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and croſs the plains of *Languedoc*, for almoſt nothing ——I ſhall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purſe; and pleaſure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, ſhall I fly down the rapid *Rhone*, with the VIVARES on my right hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, *Valence*, and *Vivieres*. What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from the *Hermitage* and *Cotê roti*, as I ſhoot by the foot of them! and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the caſtles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome reſcued the diſtreſs'd——and ſee vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her——

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which look'd ſtately

enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more—the gilding loſt its luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptible! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the abbeſs of *Andoüillets'* itſelf—that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaiſe-undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted——No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſideways—Would Monſieur chuſe to ſell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my ſoul, ſaid I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glaſſes worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

—What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this poſt-chaiſe brought me in? And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear *Jenny*, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the moſt oppreſſive of its kind, which could befal me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of his manhood——

'Tis enough, ſaidſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had ***not*** paſs'd——'Tis enough, *Triſtram*, and I am ſatisfied, ſaidſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, **** ** **** *** *******;—**** ** **** ——any other man would have ſunk down to the center——

——Every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into *Wales* for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable, for blaming fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I call'd her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely if I have any cauſe to be angry with

her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

——One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XI.

To thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in *Lyons*, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in *France*, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity—and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation——muſt certainly be, what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two diſhes of milk coffee (which by the bye is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of *Lyons* to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of *Lippius* of *Baſil*, in the firſt place——

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm—— I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy—and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience

as any chriſtian ever could do, at the other——

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general hiſtory of *China*, wrote (not in the *Tartarian*) but in the *Chineſe* language, and in the *Chineſe* character too.

Now I almoſt know as little of the *Chineſe* language, as I do of the mechaniſm of *Lippius*'s clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt—— I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood behind me——'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. *Irenæus*, and ſee the pillar to which *Chriſt*

was tied——and after that, the houſe where *Pontius Pilate* lived——'Twas at the next town, ſaid the *valet de place*—at *Vienne*; I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace——"for ſo much "the ſooner ſhall I be at the *Tomb of the* "*two lovers.*"

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this——I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clockwork is concern'd in it——'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XII.

O! THERE is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)——a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny——

Amandus——He
Amanda——She——

each ignorant of the other's courſe,

He——eaſt
She——weſt

Amandus taken captive by the *Turks*, and carried to the emperor of *Morocco*'s court, where the princeſs of *Morocco* falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his *Amanda*.——

She—(*Amanda*) all the time wandering barefoot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, enquiring for *Amandus*——*Amandus!* *Amandus!*—making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! *Amandus!*

at every town and city, ſitting down forlorn at the gate——Has *Amandus!*—has my *Amandus* enter'd?——till,——going round, and round, and round the world——chance unexpected bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of

Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

Is *Amandus* } ſtill alive?
Is my *Amanda* }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *Fruſts*, and *Cruſts*, and *Ruſts* of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the cullender in my own, of what *Spon* and others, in their accounts of *Lyons*, had *ſtrained* into it; and finding, moreover, in ſome Itinerary, but in what God knows——That ſacred to the fidelity of *Amandus* and *Amanda*, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers call'd upon them to atteſt their truths——I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, ſomehow or other, come in at the cloſe——nay

ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſh'd over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of *Lyons*—and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a *Lyons-waiſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on——tho' I fear with ſome irreverence—— "I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of *Mecca*, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the *Santa Caſa* itſelf, that ſome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at *Lyons*) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit."

In my liſt, therefore, of *Videnda* at *Lyons*, this, tho' *laſt*—was not, you ſee, *leaſt*; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whilſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it——had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compli-

ments of Monſieur *Le Blanc*, for a pleaſant voyage down the *Rhône*——when I was ſtopped at the gate——

CHAP. XIII.

——'TWAS by a poor aſs, who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike——there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever ſomething

civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)——I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, *&c.*——I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, *&c.* for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog he would ſpeak if he could)—yet ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation——I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's

and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice——and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

—But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honeſty!* ſaid I,——ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate——art thou for coming in, or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way——

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I——If thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had

dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, *Jack!* ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others. ——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon —— than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in——the poor beaſt was heavy loaded——his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him——he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter,

it broke ſhort in my hand——he look'd up penſive in my face—" Don't thraſh " me with it—but if you will, you may" ——If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of *Andoüille't's* —(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket, as he ruſh'd by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine——ſo that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, ſhould have come in here——but this I leave to be ſettled by

The

REVIEWERS

of

MY BREECHES.

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XIV.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *baſſe cour* with my *valet de place*, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, *&c.*—and was a ſecond time ſtopp'd at the gate——not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.

Upon what account? ſaid I.——'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders——

——My good friend, quoth I——as ſure as I am I—and you are you——

——And who are you? ſaid he.——
——Don't puzzle me; ſaid I.

CHAP. XV.

——But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration——that I owe the king of *France* nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the world——

Pardonnez moi—replied the commiſſary, you are indebted to him ſix livres four ſous, for the next poſt from hence to St. *Fons*, in your route to *Avignon*—which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtillion—otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres, two ſous——

——But I don't go by land; ſaid I.

——You may if you pleaſe; replied the commiſſary——

Your moſt obedient ſervant——ſaid I, making him a low bow——

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding—made me one, as low again.——I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I—(aſide) they underſtand no more of IRONY than this——

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſeal'd up my lips—I could not pronounce the name—

Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf—it is not my intention to take poſt——

—But you may—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—you may take poſt if you chuſe——

—And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chuſe——

—But I do not chuſe—

—But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no.

Aye! for the ſalt; ſaid I (I know)——

—And for the poſt too; added he.

Defend me! cried I——

I travel by water—I am going down the *Rhône* this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage——

C'eſt tout egal—'tis all one; ſaid he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'eſt tout egal*; replied the commiſſary——

——The devil it is! ſaid I—but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt——

O *England! England!* thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe, thou tendereſt of mothers—and gentleſt of nurſes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophè——

When the director of Madam *Le Blanc*'s conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery—aſk'd, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church——

I go by WATER—ſaid I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.

CHAP. XVI.

As I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money:

And ſo I ſet off thus:——

——And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe from what you uſe a *Frenchman* in this matter?

By no means; ſaid he.

Excuſe me; ſaid I—for you have begun, Sir, with firſt tearing off my breeches—and now you want my pocket——

Whereas—had you firſt taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after—I had been a beaſt to have complain'd——

As it is——

——'Tis contrary to the *law of nature.*

——'Tis contrary to *reaſon.*

——'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this——ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand,

PAR LE ROY.

———'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and ſo read on — — —

——O by heavens! cried I—if ficklenefs is taxable in *France*—we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can——

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE;

——And if it is a bad one—as *Triſtram Shandy* laid the corner-ſtone of it—nobody but *Triſtram Shandy* ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retired from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) "my "remarks were *ſtolen*"——Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould——My remarks are ſtolen!—what ſhall I do?——Mr. Commiſſary! pray did I drop any remarks, as I ſtood beſides you?——

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones; replied he——Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worth above ſix livres two ſous—but theſe are a large parcel——He ſhook his head——Monſieur *Le Blanc!* Madam *Le Blanc!* did you ſee any papers of mine?—you maid of the houſe! run up ſtairs—*François!* run up after her——

—I muſt have my remarks——they were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wittieſt—What ſhall I do?—which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancho Pança, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it, to the chaiſe-vamper. I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to——For my own part, if ever I ſwore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—— ********, ſaid I—and ſo my remarks through *France*, which were as full of wit, as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the ſaid egg is worth a penny—have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe-vamper—for four *Louis d'Ors*—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by heaven) worth ſix into the bargain; had

it been to *Dodſley*, or *Becket*, or any creditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off buſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them—I could have borne it——but to a chaiſe-vamper!—ſhew me to him this moment, *François*—ſaid I—The valet de place put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XIX.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up; it was the eighth of *September*, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, mother of God—

——Tantarra - ra - tan - tivi——the whole world was going out a May-poling—friſking here—capering there——nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophating upon my

condition: by a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The *French* women, by the bye, love May-poles, *à la folie*—that is, as much as their matins——give 'em but a May-pole, whether in *May*, *June*, *July*, or *September*—they never count the times ——down it goes——'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em——and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in *France*), to ſend them but plenty of May-poles.——

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair——the toilet ſtands ſtill for no man——ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe open'd the door, in doing which, one of them fell upon the

ground——I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing——

—O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam! ——*J'en ſuis bien mortifiée*, ſaid ſhe—— 'tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there —for could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a *French* woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfrizled, to the day of eternity.

Tenez—ſaid ſhe—ſo without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat——one was twiſted this way——another twiſted that——ay! by my faith; and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,——

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP. XX.

AND now for *Lippius*'s clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man, who had got thro' all his difficulties——nothing can prevent us ſeeing that, and the

Chineſe hiſtory, *&c.* except the time, ſaid *François*——for 'tis almoſt eleven —then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That *Lippius*'s great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years——It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruſe the *Chineſe* hiſtory; and beſides I ſhall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in it's decay, than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition——

——And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the hiſtory of *China* in *Chineſe* characters—as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherryſtone to have it

gratified———The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers——I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt; it fell out as well———

For all the JESUITS *had got the cholic* —and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XXI.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in *Lyons*, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the *Fauxbourg de Vaiſe*—— I diſpatched *François* to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs.— I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place——when I ſaw the gate which

intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me——

—Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to *Amandus* and *Amanda*—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb———I come———I come———

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle *Toby*, to have whiſtled Lillo bullero!

CHAP. XXII.

No matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage;—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the *Rhône* and the *Saôn* met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the *Rhône*, before I made it——

——So now I am at *Avignon*, and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe, in which the duke of *Ormond* reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with *François* upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us, with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering *Avignon*,——Though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted —you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon *Avignon*, which is this:

That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to *Avignon*,——that he ſhould therefore ſay, "*Avignon* is more ſubject to high winds than any town in all *France*:" for which reaſon I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had enquired of the maſter of the inn about it, who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo——and hearing moreover, the windineſs of *Avignon* ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb——I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe——the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts, there——the duce a Baron, in all *Avignon*——ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment——for I wanted to pull off one of my jack boots, which hurt my heel—the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was ſomeway concerned about the houſe or

ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand —ſo begun with the boot :—when I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

———But *Monſieur le Marquis* had walked in——

CHAP. XXIII.

I HAD now the whole ſouth of *France*, from the banks of the *Rhône* to thoſe of the *Garonne*, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure—*at my own leiſure* — for I had left Death, the Lord knows——and He only—how far behind me—— "I have followed many a man thro' *France*, quoth he—but never at this mettleſome rate"——Still he followed,——and ſtill I fled him——but I fled him cheerfully——ſtill he purſued ——but, like one who purſued his prey without hope——as he lagg'd, every ſtep he loſt, ſoften'd his looks——why ſhould I fly him at this rate ?

So notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of *Languedoc* upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller——or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, *&c.* . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain——and ſo on.

—This is moſt terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XXIV.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at leaſt every time; once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Taraſcone*—I did not underſtand the principles——

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay, I ſtopp'd——for meeting a couple of *Franciſcans* ſtraiten'd more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about——I had turn'd back with them——

The third, was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand-baſket of *Provence* figs for four ſous; this would have been tranſacted at once; but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that

there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the baſket—as I had no intention of buying eggs—I made no ſort of claim of them—as for the ſpace they had occupied—what ſignified it? I had figs enow for my money——

—But it was my intention to have the baſket—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which, ſhe could do nothing with her eggs——and unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and moſt of 'em burſt at the ſide: this brought on a ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals, what we ſhould both do——

—How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am perſuaded he was), to form the leaſt probable conjecture: You will read the whole of it ——not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle *Toby*'s amours —but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey

acroſs this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a track—the world muſt judge—but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun, as to time—by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met, who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every ſoul behind—hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs-roads—arreſting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, fryars——not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff———In ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was

always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met—I am confident we could have paſſed through *Pall-Mall*, or St. *James*'s-Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs, which at once unpins every plait of a *Languedocian*'s dreſs—that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity which poets ſing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt *Niſmes* and *Lunel*, where there is the beſt *Muſcatto* wine in all *France*, and which by the bye belongs to the honeſt canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The ſun was ſet—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afreſh—and the ſwains were preparing for a carouſal——my mule

made a dead point——'Tis the fife and tabourin, ſaid I——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleaſure, ſaid I, giving him a prick——By ſaint *Boogar*, and all the ſaints at the backſide of the door of purgatory, ſaid he—(making the ſame reſolution with the abbeſſe of *Andoüillets*) I'll not go a ſtep further———'Tis very well, ſir, ſaid I——I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live; ſo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, ſaid I—ſo ſtay you here.

A ſun-burnt daughter of Labour roſe up from the groupe to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark cheſnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a ſingle treſs.

We want a cavalier, ſaid ſhe, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye ſhall have; ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadſt thou, *Nannette*, been array'd like a ducheſſe!

——But that curſed ſlit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, with ſelf-taught politeneſs, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom *Apollo* had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank——Tie me up this treſs inſtantly, ſaid *Nannette*, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger——The whole knot fell down——We had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded——"the duce take that ſlit!"

The ſiſter of the youth, who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother——'twas a *Gaſcoigne* roundelay.

lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my uncle *Toby*'s amours——

I begun thus——

CHAP. XXV.

——BUT ſoftly——for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurpriſed by the imagination, I defy, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* * in ſundry pages of my book—I defy the beſt cabbage planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and

* Vid. Vol. III. p. 243.

ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up—without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or ſidling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion——In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and ſome other lands I wot of—it may be done——

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent—in this land, my dear *Eugenius*—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle *Toby*'s amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in queſt of her DIEGO, in full view of my ſtudy window—if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM——

——But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day) ——I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this.

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt——I'm ſure it is the moſt religious ——for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence——and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours and

friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, *&c.* only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up—— catching the idea, even ſometimes before it half way reaches me——

I believe in my conſcience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait* are fools to me——no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire——I wiſh I could ſay of good works too——but I have no

Zeal or Anger—— or
Anger or Zeal——

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name——the errant-eſt TARTUFFE, in ſcience—in politics —or in religion, ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe

* Vid. *Pope*'s Portrait.

word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

——Bon jour!—— good-morrow! ——ſo you have got your cloak on betimes!——but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly——'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot ——and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous——And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both ſides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle and couſins——I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, toothaches, fevers, ſtranguries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood—give ſuch a vile purge—puke—poultice--plaiſter--night-draught—clyſter—bliſter?——And why ſo many grains of calomel? ſanta Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! peri-

clitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail——By my great-aunt *Dinah*'s old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth—— and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all——

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a *Welch* judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank——

In the ſixteenth century, we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom"——the ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but generally the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long, as what in this veſſel of the human frame, is *Love*—may be *Hatred*, in that——*Sentiment* half a yard higher——and *Nonſenſe*——————no Madam,—not there——I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger——how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, who ever ſoliloquized upon this myſtic ſubject, my uncle *Toby* was the worſt fitted, to have puſh'd his reſearches, thro' ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out——had not *Bridget*'s pre-notification of them to

Suſannah, and *Suſannah*'s repeated manifeſtoes thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my uncle *Toby* to look into the affair.

CHAP. XXIX.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the *foot*)—ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for, by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſs'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predicament: not that, at firſt ſight, there is any conſequence, or ſhew of logic in it; "That a rill of cold water dribbling "through my inward parts, ſhould light "up a torch in my *Jenny*'s—"

——The propoſition does not ſtrike one; on the contrary, it ſeems to run op-

poſite to the natural workings of cauſes and effects——

But it ſhews the weakneſs and imbecility of human reaſon.

——" And in perfect good health " with it?"

—The moſt perfect—Madam, that friendſhip herſelf could wiſh me——

—" And drink nothing!—nothing but " water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou preſſeſt againſt the flood-gates of the brain——ſee how they give way!——

In ſwims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damſels to follow—they dive into the center of the current——

FANCY ſits muſing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the ſtream, turns ſtraws and bulruſhes into maſts and bowſprits——And DESIRE, with veſt held up to the knee in one hand, ſnatches at them, as they ſwim by her, with the other——

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this deluſive fountain, that ye have ſo often governed and turn'd this world about

like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—bepeppering their noſes, and changing ſometimes even the very frame and face of nature——

If I was you, quoth *Yorick*, I would drink more water, *Eugenius*—And, if I was you, *Yorick*, replied *Eugenius*, ſo would I.

Which ſhews they had both read *Longinus*——

For my own part, I am reſolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. XXX.

I WISH my uncle *Toby* had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the firſt moment Widow *Wadman* ſaw him, ſhe felt ſomething ſtirring within her in his favour—Something!—ſomething.

—Something perhaps more than friendſhip—leſs than love—ſomething—no matter what—no matter where—I would

not give a ſingle hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf (indeed the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain), to be let by your worſhips into the ſecret——

But the truth is, my uncle *Toby* was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, or any how, or any where, except fortuitouſly upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had——or during the time he was under cure; when the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact——my uncle *Toby* drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now as all the world knows, that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe, and as it is as well known, that my uncle *Toby* was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator——unleſs as a captain, you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and beſides, the whole is an equivocation ——There is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my uncle *Toby*'s leg——

but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had proceeded from ſome ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot—for my uncle *Toby*'s leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and awkward, from a total diſuſe of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and in all other reſpects as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or paſſage of my life, where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments of getting out of 'em——Inconſiderate ſoul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every ſide of thee——are they, *Triſtram*, not ſuffi-

cient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes * ſtill—ſtill unſold, and art almoſt at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands.

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile aſthma that thou gatteſt in ſkating againſt the wind in *Flanders?* and is it but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a quiriſter (with both hands) thou brakeſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and hadſt thou loſt as much more, did not the faculty tell thee ———it would have amounted to a gallon?———

CHAP. XXXI.

——But for heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons——let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and, ſomehow or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it—

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies; that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pickax, or a ſhovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: ſo that as *Shandy-Hall* was at that time unfurniſhed; and the little inn where poor *Le Fever* died, not yet built; my uncle *Toby* was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. *Wadman*'s, for a night or two, till corporal *Trim* (who to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon, and engineer, ſuper-

added that of an excellent upholſterer too), with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, conſtructed one in my uncle *Toby*'s houſe.

A daughter of *Eve*, for ſuch was widow *Wadman*, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—" *That ſhe was a perfect woman*—" had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing with a caſe-knife —or any thing you pleaſe—than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him—— till by reiterated acts of ſuch combination, he gets foiſted into her inventory——

—And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM; for I have delivered that above——nor is it matter of BREVIARY——for I make no man's creed but my own——nor matter of FACT——at leaſt that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I DO not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them—or the ſtrength of their guſſets——but pray do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world; That they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almoſt as much below the feet, as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow *Wadman*'s night-ſhifts (as was the mode I ſuppoſe in King *William*'s and Queen *Anne*'s reigns) were cut however after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed (for in *Italy* they are come to nothing)——ſo much the worſe

for the public; they were two *Flemiſh* ells and a half in length; ſo that allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleek and decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and for the two laſt years had got eſtabliſh'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as ſoon as Mrs. *Wadman* was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave *Bridget* notice —*Bridget*, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt open'd the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furtheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking pin out of her ſleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together a little above the

hem; which done, ſhe tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wiſh'd her miſtreſs a good night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when *Bridget* untuck'd the feet of the bed, *&c.* to do this——ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions; and ſo performed it ſtanding—kneeling—or ſquatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the *etiquette* was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in *Chriſtendom.*

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my uncle *Toby* up ſtairs, which was about ten——Mrs. *Wadman* threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſſing her left knee with her right, which formed a reſting-place for her elbow, ſhe reclin'd her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning

forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered *Bridget* to bring her up a couple of freſh candles and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage-ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my uncle *Toby*'s ſtay) when *Bridget* had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was aſſaying to ſtick in the corking pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kick'd in her ſituation——for ſuppoſing * * * * * * * * * to be the ſun in its meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick——ſhe kick'd the pin out of her fingers——the *etiquette* which hung upon it, down——down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms.

From all which it was plain that widow *Wadman* was in love with my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XXXIV.

MY uncle *Toby*'s head at that time was full of other matters, ſo that it was not till the demolition of *Dunkirk*, when all the other civilities of *Europe* were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is ſpeaking with regard to my uncle *Toby*—but with reſpect to Mrs. *Wadman*, a vacancy)—of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray—— I chuſe for that reaſon to call theſe the amours of my uncle *Toby* with Mrs. *Wadman*, rather than the amours of Mrs. *Wadman* with my uncle *Toby*.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*——and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have ſo often

been at odds with one another——but there is a difference here in the nature of things——

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XXXV.

Now as widow *Wadman* did love my uncle *Toby*——and my uncle *Toby* did not love widow *Wadman*, there was nothing for widow *Wadman* to do, but to go on and love my uncle *Toby*——or let it alone.

Widow *Wadman* would do neither the one or the other——

——Gracious heaven!——but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf; for whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her——and that ſhe careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfaſt or no——

——Curſe on her! and ſo I ſend her to *Tartary*, and from *Tartary* to *Terra del Fuogo*, and ſo on to the devil: in ſhort, there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very center of the milky-way——

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one———

——The duce take her and her influence too——for at that word I loſe all patience——much good may it do him! ——By all that is hirſute and gaſhly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger——I would not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!

——But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—and warm—and ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the right way—

but alas! that will never be my luck—— (ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again).

——No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pye (ſo here I break my metaphor)——

Cruſt and crumb

Inſide and out

Top and bottom——I deteſt it, I hate it, I repudiate it——I'm ſick at the ſight of it——

'Tis all pepper,
garlick,
ſtaragen,
ſalt, and
devil's dung——by the great arch-cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but ſit down by the fire-ſide and invent inflammatory diſhes for us, I would not touch it for the world——

——*O Triſtram! Triſtram!* cried *Jenny*.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and ſo went on with the thirty-ſixth chapter.

CHAP. XXXVI.

——" Not touch it for the world," did I ſay——

Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHICH ſhews, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it (for as for *thinking*——all who *do* think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)——LOVE is certainly, at leaſt alphabetically ſpeaking, one of the moſt

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D eviliſh affairs of life——the moſt
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaſkiniſh
H andy-dandyiſh
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and

L yrical of all human paſſions: at the ſame time, the moſt
M iſgiving
N innyhammering
O bſtipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous
R idiculous—though by the bye the R ſhould have gone firſt—But in ſhort 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my uncle *Toby* upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—— "You can ſcarce," ſaid he, "combine "two ideas together upon it, brother "*Toby*, without an hypallage"—— What's that? cried my uncle *Toby*.

The cart before the horſe, replied my father——

——And what has he to do there? cried my uncle *Toby*——

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in——or let it alone.

Now widow *Wadman*, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood however ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points, to watch accidents.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in *Chriſtendom*, but the very houſe and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. *Wadman*'s; this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. *Wadman*'s garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle *Toby*'s, put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; ſhe could

obſerve my uncle *Toby*'s motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war; and as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and ſometimes out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle *Toby* up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XXXIX.

IT is a great pity——but 'tis certain from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a ſufficient wick ſtanding out; if there is not —there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that caſe has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt—I would oblige a houſewife conſtantly to light me at the top; for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut——

——I beſeech you, doctor *Slop*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me——I beſeech you, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not known to this day where it lies.

The *blind gut*, anſwered doctor *Slop*, lies betwixt the *Illion* and *Colon*——

——In a man? ſaid my father.

——'Tis preciſely the ſame, cried doctor *Slop*, in a woman.——

That's more than I know; quoth my father.

CHAP. XL.

——And ſo to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. *Wadman* predetermined to light my uncle *Toby* neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of *Venice* to the *Tower* of *London* (excluſive), if Mrs. *Wadman* had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with *Bridget* to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe, as that which the expediency of my uncle *Toby*'s affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know——poſſibly I have——be

it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things, which a man had better do over again, than diſpute about it—That whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaign, my uncle *Toby* always took care, on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, *&c.* . . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. *Wadman* had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outſtretched neck meeting it half way, —to advance it towards her; on which my uncle *Toby*'s paſſions were ſure to catch fire—— for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his

pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;——the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. *Wadman*'s next ſtroke of generalſhip——which was, to take my uncle *Toby*'s tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſtwork in the map, ſhe would effect before my uncle *Toby* (poor ſoul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toiſes with it.

—It obliged my uncle *Toby* to make uſe of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her forefinger againſt the end of my uncle *Toby*'s tobacco-pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from *Dan* to *Beer-ſheba*, had my uncle *Toby*'s lines reach'd ſo far, without any effect: For as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſen-

timent——it could neither give fire by pulſation——or receive it by ſympathy ——'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle *Toby*'s forefinger with hers, cloſe thro' all the little turns and indentings of his works——preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it——then treading upon it's nail——then tripping it up——then touching it here——then there, and ſo on——it ſet ſomething at leaſt in motion.

This, tho' ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it, cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry-box, my uncle *Toby*, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's cloſe beſide it: this at once opened a communication, large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the ele-

mentary and practical part of love-making, has occaſion for——

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle *Toby*'s——it unavoidably brought the thumb into action——and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle *Toby!* was never now in it's right place ——Mrs. *Wadman* had it ever to take up, or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving——to get it preſs'd a hair breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible, that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his——So that my uncle *Toby* being thus attacked and ſore puſh'd on both his wings——was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into diſorder?——

——The duce take it! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XLI.

THESE attacks of Mrs. *Wadman*, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on, would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all——or if he did, would confound them all together——but I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of *Bouchain* in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing), upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand ſide, there

is ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine, were Mrs. *Wadman*'s; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my uncle *Toby*'s, is abſolutely clean: This ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box——

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relick, with it's *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relicks of the *Romiſh* church—— always excepting, when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which enter'd the fleſh of St. *Radagunda* in the deſert, which in your road from Fesse to Cluny, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP. XLII.

I THINK, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*, the fortifications are quite deſtroyed——and the baſon is upon a level with the mole——I think ſo too; replied my uncle *Toby* with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd——but ſtep into the parlour, *Trim*, for the ſtipulation——it lies upon the table.

It has lain there theſe ſix weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it——

——Then, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, there is no further occaſion for our ſervices. The more, an' pleaſe your honour, the pity, ſaid the corporal; in uttering which he caſt his ſpade into the wheel-barrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pickax, his pioneer's ſhovel, his picquets and other little military ſtores, in order to carry them off

the field——when a heigh-ho! from the ſentry-box, which, being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

——No; ſaid the corporal to himſelf, I'll do it before his honour riſes to-morrow morning; ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level ſomething at the foot of the glacis——but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him——he looſen'd a ſod or two——pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my uncle *Toby*'s feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XLIII.

IT was a thouſand pities——though I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of a thing for a ſoldier——

A ſoldier, cried my uncle *Toby*, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt

from ſaying a fooliſh thing, *Trim*, than a man of letters——But not ſo often, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal——My uncle *Toby* gave a nod.

'It was a thouſand pities then, ſaid the corporal, caſting his eye upon *Dunkirk*, and the mole, as *Servius Sulpicius*, in returning out of *Aſia* (when he ſailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*), did upon *Corinth* and *Pyreus*——

——"It was a thouſand pities, an' pleaſe your honour, to deſtroy theſe works—— and a thouſand pities to have let them ſtood."——

——Thou art right, *Trim*, in both caſes; ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——This, continued the corporal, is the reaſon, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end——I have never once whiſtled, or ſung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſs'd done deeds, or told your honour one ſtory good or bad——

——Thou haſt many excellencies, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of the

number thou haſt told me, either to amuſe me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones—thou haſt ſeldom told me a bad one——

——Becauſe, an' pleaſe your honour; except one of a *King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles*,—they are all true; for they are about myſelf——

I do not like the ſubject the worſe, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, on that ſcore: But prithee what is this ſtory? thou haſt excited my curioſity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly—Provided, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, looking earneſtly towards *Dunkirk* and the mole again——provided it is not a merry one; to ſuch, *Trim*, a man ſhould ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the diſpoſition I am in at preſent would wrong both thee, *Trim*, and thy ſtory——It is not a merry one by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle *Toby*——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will ſuit

your honour exactly—— Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle *Toby*; ſo prithee begin it, *Trim*.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not ſo eaſy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank *Montero*-cap with grace——or a whit leſs difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is ſitting ſquat upon the ground, to make a bow- ſo teeming with reſpect as the corporal was wont, yet by ſuffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his maſter, to ſlip backward upon the graſs, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater ſweep——and by an unforced compreſſion, at the ſame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, ſo that it might be ſaid, rather to be inſenſibly ſqueez'd—than pull'd off with a flatus ——the corporal acquitted himſelf of both in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his

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maſter's humour—he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of Bo - - he——

As the corporal was entering the confines of *Bohemia*, my uncle *Toby* obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment; he had ſet out bare-headed, having ſince he pull'd off his *Montero*-cap in the latter end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

——The eye of Goodneſs eſpieth all things——ſo that before the corporal had well got through the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my uncle *Toby* twice touch'd his *Montero*-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively——as much as to ſay, Why don't you put it on, *Trim*? *Trim* took it up with the moſt reſpectful ſlowneſs, and caſting a glance of hu-

——Only, an' pleaſe your honour, it makes a ſtory look the better in the face——

——'Tis thy own, *Trim*, ſo ornament it after thy own faſhion; and take any date, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking pleaſantly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou chuſeſt, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome——

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to *Noah*'s flood; and from *Noah*'s flood to the birth of *Abraham*; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*——and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory——had my uncle *Toby* ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all its abyſſes at his feet; but

as MODESTY ſcarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt caſt-year of the laſt caſt-almanack'——I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reaſon than you wot of——

——It was the year next him——which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the duke of *Ormond* was playing the devil in *Flanders*——the corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to *Bohemia*.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

IN the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, there was, an' pleaſe your honour——

——To tell thee truly, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, any other date would have pleaſed me much better, not only on account of the ſad ſtain upon our hiſtory that year, in marching off our troops, and refuſing to cover the ſiege of *Queſnoi*, though *Fagel* was carrying on the works with ſuch incredible vigour—but likewiſe on the ſcore, *Trim*, of thy own ſtory; becauſe if there are—and which, from what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect to be the fact—if there are giants in it——

There is but one, an' pleaſe your honour——

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle *Toby*——thou ſhould'ſt have carried him back ſome ſeven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever thou telleſt it again——

——If I live, an' pleaſe your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth *Trim*, either to man, woman, or child——Poo—poo!

ſaid my uncle *Toby*—but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, raiſing his voice, and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he begun, a certain king of *Bohemia*——

——Leave out the date entirely, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption—leave it out entirely, *Trim*; a ſtory paſſes very well without theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ſure of 'em——Sure of 'em! ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head——

Right; anſwered my uncle *Toby*, it is not eaſy, *Trim*, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who ſel-

dom looks further forward than to the end of his muſket, or backwards beyond his knapſack, to know much about this matter——God bleſs your honour! ſaid the corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle *Toby*'s reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf, he has ſomething elſe to do; if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garriſon—he has his firelock, an' pleaſe your honour, to furbiſh—his accoutrements to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himſelf to ſhave and keep clean, ſo as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what buſineſs, added the corporal triumphantly, has a ſoldier, an' pleaſe your honour, to know any thing at all of *geography?*

——Thou would'ſt have ſaid *chronology, Trim,* ſaid my uncle *Toby*; for as for geography, 'tis of abſolute uſe to him; he muſt be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profeſſion carries him; he ſhould know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the

roads, and hollow ways which lead up to them; there is not a river or a rivulet he paſſes, *Trim*, but he ſhould be able at firſt ſight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its riſe—what is its courſe—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not; he ſhould know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraſſes, thro' and by which his army is to march; he ſhould know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their ſeaſons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their cuſtoms, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle *Toby*, riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe—how *Marlborough* could have marched his army from the banks of the *Maes* to *Belburg*; from

Belburg to *Kerpenord*—(here the corporal could ſit no longer) from *Kerpenord*, *Trim*, to *Kalſaken*; from *Kalſaken* to *Newdorf*; from *Newdorf* to *Landenbourg*; from *Landenbourg* to *Mildenheim*; from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen*; from *Elchingen* to *Gingen*; from *Gingen* to *Balmerchoffen*; from *Balmerchoffen* to *Skellenburg*, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his paſſage over the *Danube*; croſs'd the *Lech*—puſh'd on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through *Friburg*, *Hokenwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains of *Blenheim* and *Hochſtet*?——Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a ſtep, or made one ſingle day's march, without the aids of *Geography*.——As for *Chronology*, I own, *Trim*, continued my uncle *Toby*, ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box, that of all others, it ſeems a ſcience which the ſoldier might beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights which that ſcience muſt one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of

which, renverſing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing ſo totally the nature of attacks and defences both by ſea and land, and awakening ſo much art and ſkill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in aſcertaining the preciſe time of its diſcovery, or too inquiſitive in knowing what great man was the diſcoverer, and what occaſions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle *Toby*, what hiſtorians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of *Wencelaus*, ſon of *Charles* the Fourth——a certain prieſt, whoſe name was *Schwartz*, ſhew'd the uſe of powder to the *Venetians*, in their wars againſt the *Genoeſe*; but 'tis certain he was not the firſt; becauſe, if we are to believe Don *Pedro*, the biſhop of *Leon*—How came prieſts and biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to trouble their heads ſo much about gun-powder? God knows, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——his providence brings good out of every thing

—and he avers, in his chronicle of King *Alphonſus*, who reduced *Toledo*, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-ſeven years before that time, the ſecret of powder was well known, and employed with ſucceſs, both by Moors and Chriſtians, not only in their ſea-combats, at that period, but in many of their moſt memorable ſieges in *Spain* and *Barbary*—And all the world knows, that Friar *Bacon* had wrote expreſsly about it, and had generouſly given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even *Schwartz* was born—And that the *Chineſe*, added my uncle *Toby*, embarraſs us, and all accounts of it, ſtill more, by boaſting of the invention ſome hundreds of years even before him——

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried *Trim*——

——They are ſomehow or other deceived, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, in this matter, as is plain to me from the preſent miſerable ſtate of military architecture amongſt them; which conſiſts of nothing

more than a foſsè with a brick wall without flanks—and for what they gave us as a baſtion at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly conſtructed, that it looks for all the world——————Like one of my ſeven caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby*, tho' in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed *Trim*'s offer—till *Trim* telling him, he had half a dozen more in *Bohemia*, which he knew not how to get off his hands——my uncle *Toby* was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal——that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gun-powder——and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the King of *Bohemia* and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS *unfortunate* King of *Bohemia*, ſaid *Trim*,——Was he unfortunate then? cried my uncle *Toby*, for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gun-powder, and other military affairs, that tho' he had deſired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not ſo ſtrong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet——Was he *unfortunate*, then, *Trim?* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, pathetically ——The corporal, wiſhing firſt the *word* and all its ſynonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind, the principal events in the King of *Bohemia*'s ſtory; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the moſt fortunate man that ever exiſted in the world—— it put the corporal to a ſtand: for not caring to retract his epithet——and leſs, to explain it——and leaſt of all, to twiſt

his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem——he looked up in my uncle *Toby*'s face for aſſiſtance——but ſeeing it was the very thing, my uncle *Toby* ſat in expectation of himſelf——after a hum and a haw, he went on———

The King of *Bohemia*, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus——That taking great pleaſure and delight in navigation and all ſort of ſea affairs——and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of *Bohemia*, to be no ſea-port town whatever——

How the duce ſhould there—*Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*; for *Bohemia* being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwiſe——It might; ſaid *Trim*, if it had pleaſed God——

My uncle *Toby* never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation——

——I believe not, replied my uncle *Toby*, after ſome pauſe——for being inland, as I ſaid, and having *Sileſia* and *Moravia* to the eaſt; *Luſatia* and *Upper*

Saxony to the north; *Franconia* to the weſt; and *Bavaria* to the ſouth; *Bohemia* could not have been propell'd to the ſea, without ceaſing to be *Bohemia*——nor could the ſea, on the other hand, have come up to *Bohemia*, without overflowing a great part of *Germany*, and deſtroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence againſt it——Scandalous! cried *Trim*—Which would beſpeak, added my uncle *Toby*, mildly, ſuch a want of compaſſion in him who is the father of it——that, I think, *Trim*——the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction; and went on.

Now the King of *Bohemia* with his queen and courtiers *happening* one fine ſummer's evening to walk out——Aye! there the word *happening* is right, *Trim*, cried my uncle *Toby*; for the King of *Bohemia* and his queen might have walk'd out or let it alone;——twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, juſt as chance ordered it.

King *William* was of an opinion, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*, that every thing was predeſtined for us in this world; inſomuch, that he would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that "every ball had it's billet." He was a great man, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——And I believe, continued *Trim*, to this day, that the ſhot which diſabled me at the battle of *Landen*, was pointed at my knee for no other purpoſe, but to take me out of his ſervice, and place me in your honour's, where I ſhould be taken ſo much better care of in my old age——It ſhall never, *Trim*, be conſtrued otherwiſe, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

The heart, both of the maſter and the man, were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings;——a ſhort ſilence enſued.

Beſides, ſaid the corporal, reſuming the diſcourſe—but in a gayer accent——if it had not been for that ſingle ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your honour, been in love———

So, thou waſt once in love, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling——

Souſe! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' pleaſe your honour. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to paſs?——I never heard one word of it before; quoth my uncle *Toby*:——I dare ſay, anſwered *Trim*, that every drummer and ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of it——It's high time I ſhould——ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, ſaid the corporal, the total rout and confuſion of our camp and army at the affair of *Landen*; every one was left to ſhift for himſelf; and if it had not been for the regiments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which covered the retreat over the bridge of *Neerſpeeken*, the king himſelf could ſcarce have gain'd it——he was preſs'd hard, as your honour knows, on every ſide of him——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up with enthuſiaſm—this moment, now that is all loſt, I ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the Engliſh horſe along with him to ſupport the right, and

tear the laurel from *Luxembourg*'s brows, if yet 'tis poſſible——I ſee him with the knot of his ſcarfe juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh ſpirits into poor *Galway*'s regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the head of it——Brave! brave by heaven! cried my uncle *Toby*—he deſerves a crown——As richly, as a thief a halter; ſhouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherwiſe the compariſon was not at all to his mind——it did not altogether ſtrike the corporal's fancy when he had made it——but it could not be recall'd——ſo he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own ſafety—Though *Talmaſh*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence——But I was left upon the field, ſaid the corporal. Thou waſt ſo; poor fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*——So that it was noon the next day, continued the cor-

poral, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be convey'd to our hoſpital.

There is no part of the body, an' pleaſe your honour, where a wound occaſions more intolerable anguiſh than upon the knee——

Except the groin; ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

An' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt acute, there being ſo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

It is for that reaſon, quoth my uncle *Toby*, that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible——there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-ems (for I know their names as little as thou doſt)—— about it—— but moreover * * *——

Mrs. *Wadman*, who had been all the time in her arbour—inſtantly ſtopp'd her breath—unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg——

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* for ſome time; till *Trim* at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle *Toby* would not allow——'Tis a proof of nothing, *Trim*, ſaid he, but the generoſity of thy temper——

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (cæteris paribus) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee——or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin——are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP. XLIV.

THE anguiſh of my knee, continued the corporal, was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of the cart, with the roughneſs of the roads which were terribly cut up—making bad ſtill

worſe—every ſtep was death to me: ſo that with the loſs of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on beſides——(Poor ſoul! ſaid my uncle *Toby*)——all together, an' pleaſe your honour, was more than I could ſuſtain.

I was telling my ſufferings to a young woman at a peaſant's houſe, where our cart, which was the laſt of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon ſome ſugar, and ſeeing it had cheer'd me, ſhe had given it me a ſecond and a third time—— So I was telling her, an' pleaſe your honour, the anguiſh I was in, and was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—— when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good ſoul! as your honour, ſaid the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the moſt ſerious thing, an' pleaſe your honour (ſometimes), that is in the world.

By the perſuaſion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men ſet off without me: ſhe had aſſured them I ſhould expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myſelf——I found myſelf in a ſtill quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peaſant and his wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beſide me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my noſe with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at firſt for the daughter of the peaſant (for it was no inn)—ſo had offer'd her a little purſe with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom* (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had ſent me

as a token, by a recruit, juſt before he ſet out for *Liſbon.*——

——I never told your honour that piteous ſtory yet——here *Trim* wip'd his eyes a third time.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room, to ſhew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I ſhould be in a condition to be got to the hoſpital——Come then! ſaid ſhe, tying up the little purſe—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurſe too.

I thought by her manner of ſpeaking this, as well as by her dreſs, which I then began to conſider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peaſant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair conceal'd under a cambrick border, laid cloſe to her forehead: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of nuns, an' pleaſe your honour, of which, your honour

knows, there are a good many in *Flanders* which they let go looſe——By thy deſcription, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I dare ſay ſhe was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*—except at *Amſterdam*——they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloiſter if they chooſe to marry; they viſit and take care of the ſick by profeſſion——I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

——She often told me, quoth *Trim*, ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt—I did not like it.——I believe, *Trim*, we are both wrong, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—we'll aſk Mr. *Yorick* about it to-night at my brother *Shandy*'s——ſo put me in mind; added my uncle *Toby*.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, had ſcarce given herſelf time to tell me "ſhe would be my nurſe," when ſhe haſtily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me——and in a ſhort time—though

I thought it a long one—ſhe came back with flannels, *&c. &c.* and having fomented my knee ſoundly for a couple of hours, *&c.* and made me a thin baſon of gruel for my ſupper—ſhe wiſh'd me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning.——She wiſh'd me, an' pleaſe your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made ſad diſturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her——The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, cloſe by my bedſide, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality. In truth, ſhe was ſcarce ever from me; and ſo accuſtomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ſickened, and I loſt colour when ſhe left the room: and yet, continued the corporal

(making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)——

——"*It was not love*"——for during the three weeks ſhe was almoſt conſtantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour—that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * once.

That was very odd, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——

I think ſo too—ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*.

It never did, ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XLV.

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—ſeeing my uncle *Toby* muſing upon it—for Love, an' pleaſe your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a ſoldier, though he has eſcaped three weeks complete o'*Saturday* night, —may nevertheleſs be ſhot through his heart on *Sunday* morning——*It happened ſo here*, an' pleaſe your honour, with this difference only—that it was on *Sun-*

day in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a ſiſſerara——It burſt upon me, an' pleaſe your honour, like a bomb——ſcarce giving me time to ſay, "God bleſs me."

I thought, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love ſo very ſuddenly.

Yes, an' pleaſe your honour, if he is in the way of it——replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

——With all pleaſure, ſaid the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XLVI.

I HAD eſcaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predeſtined otherwiſe—— there is no reſiſting our fate.

It was on a *Sunday*, in the afternoon, as I told your honour,

The old man and his wife had walked out——.

Every thing was ſtill and huſh as midnight about the houſe——

There was not ſo much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

——When the fair *Beguine* came in to ſee me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—— the inflammation had been gone off for ſome time, but it was ſucceeded with an itching both above and below my knee, ſo inſufferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me ſee it, ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it——it only wants rubbing a little, ſaid the *Beguine*; ſo covering it with the bed-clothes, ſhe began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger—and preſently it was laid flat with the other, and ſhe continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I ſhould fall in love—I bluſh'd when I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had—I ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, behold another hand ſo white whilſt I live——

——Not in that place; ſaid my uncle *Toby*——

Though it was the moſt ſerious deſpair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear ſmiling.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great ſervice to me—from rubbing for ſome time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length, with three—till by little and little ſhe brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand: I will never ſay another word, an' pleaſe your honour, upon hands again—but it was ſofter than ſattin——

——Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the more delight——The corporal thank'd his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the *Beguine*'s hand but the ſame over again——he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, ſaid the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I would do a "thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for "the love of Chriſt"——In ſaying which ſhe paſs'd her hand acroſs the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it alſo.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love——

As ſhe continued rub-rub-rubbing—I felt it ſpread from under her hand, an' pleaſe your honour, to every part of my frame——

The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer ſtrokes ſhe took——the more the fire

kindled in my veins——till at length, by two or three ſtrokes longer than the reſt——my paſſion roſe to the higheſt pitch——I ſeiz'd her hand——

——And then thou clapped'ſt it to thy lips, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—— and madeſt a ſpeech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my uncle *Toby* deſcribed it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the eſſence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XLVII.

As ſoon as the corporal had finiſhed the ſtory of his amour—or rather my uncle *Toby* for him—Mrs. *Wadman* ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicker gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which *Trim* had made in my uncle *Toby*'s mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlipp'd——

——The attack was determin'd upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my uncle *Toby*'s having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where *Dunkirk* ſtood—The corporal had march'd—the field was clear.

Now conſider, ſir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of *Gotham*)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. *Wadman*'s attack of my uncle *Toby* in his ſentry-box, BY PLAN——Now the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of *Dunkirk*—and the tale of *Dunkirk* a tale of relaxation, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſhe could make: and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the ſentry-box, was ſo outdone by that of the

fair *Beguine*'s, in *Trim*'s ſtory—that juſt then, that particular attack, however ſucceſsful before—became the moſt heartleſs attack that could be made——

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. *Wadman* had ſcarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius ſported with the change of circumſtances.

——She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XLVIII.

——I am half diſtracted, captain *Shandy*, ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as ſhe approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box——a mote ——or ſand——or ſomething——I know not what, has got into this eye of mine——do look into it—it is not in the white—

In ſaying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herſelf cloſe in beſide my uncle *Toby*, and ſqueezing herſelf down upon the corner of his bench, ſhe gave him an op-

portunity of doing it without riſing up ——Do look into it—ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-ſhew-box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee.

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature ——I've nothing to ſay to it——

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will anſwer for him, that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſopha (from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian* * *Rodope*'s beſides him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby*, to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And

I ſee him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the aſhes falling

* *Rodope Thracia* tam inevitabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exactè oculis intuens attraxit, ut ſi in illam quis incidiſſet, fieri non poſſet, quin caperetur.——I know not who.

out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes——and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Galileo* look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ——Widow *Wadman*'s left eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or ſand, or duſt, or chaff, or ſpeck, or particle of opake matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine——

——If thou lookeſt, uncle *Toby*, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer ——thou art undone.

CHAP. XLIX.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect; That it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the eye——and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other

are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return, is, that whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. *Wadman*'s eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I proteſt, Madam, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I can ſee nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; ſaid Mrs. *Wadman:* my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created——from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of *Venus* herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head——there never was an eye of them all, ſo fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repoſe, as the very eye, at which he was looking——it was not, Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye ſparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which

would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up——but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations——and ſoft reſponſes ——ſpeaking——not like the trumpet ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarſe converſe——but whiſpering ſoft——like the laſt low accent of an expiring ſaint—— "How can you live comfortleſs, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a boſom "to lean your head on——or truſt your "cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

——It did my uncle *Toby*'s buſineſs.

CHAP. L.

THERE is nothing ſhews the character of my father and my uncle *Toby*, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the ſame accident——for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion,

that a man's heart is ever the better for it ——Great God! what muſt my uncle *Toby*'s have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion, before he married——but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befell him, he would never ſubmit to it like a chriſtian; but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the Devil, and write the bittereſt Philippicks againſt the eye that ever man wrote——there is one in verſe upon ſomebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus:

" A Devil 'tis——and miſchief ſuch doth work
" As never yet did *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk**."

In ſhort, during the whole paroxiſm, my father was all abuſe and foul lan-

* This will be printed with my father's Life of *Socrates*, &c. &c.

guage, approaching rather towards malediction——only he did not do it with as much method as *Ernulphus*——he was too impetuous; nor with *Ernulphus*'s policy——for tho' my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love——yet never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and coxcombs, he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My uncle *Toby*, on the contrary, took it like a lamb——ſat ſtill and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance——in the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word——he blamed neither heaven nor earth——or thought or ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe——looking at his lame leg——then whiffing out a ſentimental heigh ho!

which mixing with the ſmoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb——I ſay.

In truth he had miſtook it at firſt; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to ſave if poſſible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor *; which ſaid wood being in full view of my uncle *Toby*'s houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of *Wynnendale*—by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it——upon an uneaſy ſaddle——worſe horſe, *&c. &c.* . . it had ſo happened, that the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my uncle *Toby* ——the firſt ſhootings of which (as my uncle *Toby* had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paſſion—till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe—and the other remaining—my uncle

* Mr. *Shandy* muſt mean the poor *in ſpirit*; inaſmuch as they divided the money amongſt themſelves.

Toby was preſently convinced, that his wound was not a ſkin-deep-wound—— but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. LI.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous—— My uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with widow *Wadman*, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a miſtery of, than if Mrs. *Wadman* had given him a cut with a gap'd knife acroſs his finger: Had it been otherwiſe——yet as he ever look'd upon *Trim* as a humble friend; and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life, to treat him as ſuch——it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. LII.

IN love!——ſaid the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yeſterday, when I was telling your honour the ſtory of the King of *Bohemia*—*Bohemia!* ſaid my uncle *Toby* - - - - muſing a long time - - - What became of that ſtory, *Trim?*

—We loſt it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſomehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am——'twas, juſt whilſt thou went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow——with Mrs. *Wadman*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——She has left a ball here—added my uncle *Toby*—pointing to his breaſt——

——She can no more, an' pleaſe your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe can fly—cried the corporal——

——But as we are neighbours, *Trim*,—the beſt way I think is to let her know it civilly firſt—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Now if I might presume, ſaid the corporal, to differ from your honour——

—Why elſe do I talk to thee, *Trim?* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, mildly——

—Then I would begin, an' pleaſe your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for if ſhe knows any thing of your honour's being in love, before hand——L—d help her!—ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—than the child unborn——

Precious ſouls!——

Mrs. *Wadman* had told it, with all its circumſtances, to Mrs. *Bridget* twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment ſitting in council with her, touching ſome light misgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affairs, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time, to get quietly through her *Te Deum*——

I am terribly afraid, ſaid widow *Wadman*, in caſe I ſhould marry him, *Bridget*

—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monſtrous wound upon his groin——

It may not, Madam, be ſo very large, replied *Bridget*, as you think——and I believe beſides, added ſhe—that 'tis dried up——

——I could like to know—merely for his ſake, ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*——

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days—anſwered Mrs. *Bridget*, for whilſt the captain is paying his addreſſes to you—I'm confident Mr. *Trim* will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as much as he will—added *Bridget*—to get it all out of him——

The meaſures were taken at once—— and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, ſetting his left hand a-kimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs—and no more——if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack——

——Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, exceedingly—and as I foreſee thou muſt act in it as my *aid de camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to ſteep thy commiſſion.

Then, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—we will begin with getting your honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the ſleeves—and I'll put your white ramallie-wig freſh into pipes—and ſend for a taylor, to have your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches turn'd——

—I had better take the red pluſh ones, quoth my uncle *Toby*——They will be too clumſy—ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. LIII.

——Thou wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my ſword——'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied *Trim*.

CHAP. LIV.

——But your honour's two razors ſhall be new ſet—and I will get my *Montero* cap furbiſh'd up, and put on poor lieutenant *Le Fever*'s regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his ſake—and as ſoon as your honour is clean ſhaved—and has got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine ſcarlet——ſometimes one and ſometimes t'other—and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your honour engages Mrs. *Wadman* in the parlour, to the right——I'll attack Mrs. *Bridget* in the kitchen, to the left; and having ſeiz'd the paſs, I'll anſwer for it, ſaid the corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head—that the day is our own.

I wiſh I may but manage it right; ſaid my uncle *Toby*—but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench——

—A woman is quite a different thing —ſaid the corporal.

—I ſuppoſe ſo, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. LV.

IF any thing in this world, which my father ſaid, could have provoked my uncle *Toby*, during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of *Hilarion* the hermit; who, in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion—would ſay—tho' with more facetiouſneſs than became an hermit—"That they were the means he uſed, to "make his *aſs* (meaning his body) leave "off kicking."

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconick way of expreſſing—— but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion—he never uſed the word *paſ-*

ſions once—but *aſs* always inſtead of them ——So that he might be ſaid truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's, during all that time.

I muſt here obſerve to you the difference betwixt

My father's aſs

and my hobby-horſe—in order to keep characters as ſeparate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my hobby-horſe, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beaſt; he has ſcarce one hair or lineament of the aſs about him——'Tis the ſporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the preſent hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddleſtick—an uncle *Toby*'s ſiege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a ſhift to get a-ſtride on, to canter it away from the cares and ſolicitudes of life—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt as is in the whole creation—nor do I really ſee how the world could do without it——

——But for my father's aſs——oh! mount him—mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent—and foul befal the man, who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. LVI.

WELL! dear brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love—and how goes it with your ASSE?

Now my uncle *Toby* thinking more of the *part* where he had had the bliſter, than of *Hilarion*'s metaphor—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the part by its proper name; ſo notwithſtanding my mother, doctor *Slop*, and Mr. *Yorick*, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to

conform to the term my father had made uſe of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em—I always obſerve—let him chuſe which he will, the world will blame him—ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it blames my uncle *Toby*.

My A—e, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is much better—brother *Shandy*—My father had formed great expectations from his Aſſe in this onſet; and would have brought him on again; but doctor *Slop* ſetting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L— bleſs us!—it drove my father's Aſſe off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge, for ſome time——

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

Every body, ſaid my mother, ſays you are in love, brother *Toby*,—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe, replied my uncle *Toby*, as any man uſually is——Humph! ſaid my father——

and when did you know it? quoth my mother——

——When the bliſter broke; replied my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby*'s reply put my father into good temper—ſo he charg'd o'foot.

CHAP. LVII.

As the ancients agree, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, that there are two different and diſtinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it—the Brain or Liver——I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to conſider which of the two he is fallen into.

What ſignifies it, brother *Shandy*, replied my uncle *Toby*, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

——A few children! cried my father, riſing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and doctor *Slop*'s—a

few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle *Toby*'s words as he walk'd to and fro——

——Not, my dear brother *Toby*, cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my uncle *Toby*'s chair—not that I ſhould be ſorry hadſt thou a ſcore—on the contrary, I ſhould rejoice—and be as kind, *Toby*, to every one of them as a father—

My uncle *Toby* ſtole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a ſqueeze——

——Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle *Toby*'s hand—ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear *Toby*, of the milk of human nature, and ſo little of its aſperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which reſemble thee; and was I an *Aſiatic* monarch, added my father, heating himſelf with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy ſtrength—or dry up thy radical moiſture too faſt—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother *Toby*, which theſe gymnics

inordinately taken are apt to do—elſe, dear *Toby*, I would procure thee the moſt beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens*, *volens*, to beget for me one ſubject every *month*——

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence—my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get a child, *nolens*, *volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth——

——And 'twould be cruel in me, brother *Toby*, to compel thee; ſaid my father—but 'tis a caſe put to ſhew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able—but the ſyſtem of Love and Marriage thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet thee right in——

There is at leaſt, ſaid *Yorick*, a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe in captain *Shandy*'s opinion of love; and 'tis amongſt the ill-ſpent hours of my life, which I have to anſwer for, that I have read ſo many flouriſhing poets and rhe-

toricians in my time, from whom I never could extract ſo much——

I wiſh, *Yorick*, ſaid my father, you had read *Plato*; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES—I know there were two RELIGIONS, replied *Yorick*, amongſt the ancients—— one—for the vulgar, and another for the learned; but I think ONE LOVE might have ſerved both of them very well—

It could not; replied my father—and for the ſame reaſons: for of theſe Loves, according to *Ficinus*'s comment upon *Velaſius*, the one is *rational*——

——the other is *natural*—— the firſt ancient——without mother—— where *Venus* had nothing to do: the ſecond, begotten of *Jupiter* and *Dione*—

——Pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not ſtop to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſcourſe——

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of *Venus*.

The firſt, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to the deſire of philoſophy and truth——the ſecond, excites to *deſire*, ſimply——

——I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, ſaid *Yorick*, as the finding out the longitude——

——To be ſure, ſaid my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world——

——In the *houſe*—my dear, I own——

——It repleniſhes the earth; ſaid my mother——

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear; replied my father.

——'Tis Virginity, cried *Slop*, triumphantly, which fills paradiſe.

Well puſh'd nun! quoth my father.

CHAP. LVIII.

My father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a

ſtroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of 'em againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenable than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor *Slop*'s VIRGINITY, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in *Chriſtendom* about *Slop*'s ears, when corporal *Trim* came into the parlour to inform my uncle *Toby*, that his thin ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. *Wad-*

man, would not do; for, that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before——Then turn them again, brother, ſaid my father rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair——They are as rotten as dirt, ſaid the corporal——Then by all means, ſaid my father, beſpeak a new pair, brother——for though I know, continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, that widow *Wadman* has been deeply in love with my brother *Toby* for many years, and has uſed every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the ſame paſſion, yet now that ſhe has caught him——her fever will be paſs'd its height——

——She has gain'd her point.

In this caſe, continued my father, which *Plato*, I am perſuaded, never thought of——Love, you ſee, is not ſo much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother *Toby* would do, into a *corps*——no mat-

ter whether he loves the ſervice or no ——being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every ſtep to ſhew himſelf a man of proweſſe.

The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my father's, was plauſible enough, and my uncle *Toby* had but a ſingle word to object to it—in which *Trim* ſtood ready to ſecond him——but my father had not drawn his concluſion——

For this reaſon, continued my father (ſtating the caſe over again)—notwithſtanding all the world knows, that Mrs. *Wadman affects* my brother *Toby*—and my brother *Toby* contrariwiſe *affects* Mrs. *Wadman*, and no obſtacle in nature to forbid the muſic ſtriking up this very night, yet will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-ſame tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.

We have taken our meaſures badly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking up interrogatively in *Trim*'s face.

I would lay my *Montero*-cap, ſaid *Trim*——Now *Trim*'s *Montero*-cap, as I once told you, was his conſtant wager;

and having furbiſh'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more conſiderable ——I would lay, an' pleaſe your honour, my *Montero*-cap to a ſhilling—was it proper, continued *Trim* (making a bow), to offer a wager before your honours——

——There is nothing improper in it, ſaid my father—'tis a mode of expreſſion; for in ſaying thou would'ſt lay thy *Montero*-cap to a ſhilling—all thou meaneſt is this—that thou believeſt——

——Now, What do'ſt thou believe?

That widow *Wadman*, an' pleaſe your worſhip, cannot hold it out ten days——

And whence, cried *Slop*, jeeringly, haſt thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popiſh clergywoman; ſaid *Trim*.

'Twas a *Beguine*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Doctor *Slop* was too much in wrath to liſten to the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole order of Nuns and *Beguines*, a ſet of ſilly, fuſty bag-

gages——*Slop* could not ſtand it——and my uncle *Toby* having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches—and *Yorick* about his fourth general diviſion—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time; he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle *Toby* the following letter of inſtructions:

My dear brother *Toby*,

WHAT I am going to ſay to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not ſo well for me—that thou haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleaſure of him who diſpoſes of our lots—and thou no ſufferer by the knowledge, I had been

well content that thou ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf; but that not being the caſe———— Mrs. *Shandy* being now cloſe beſide me, preparing for bed—— I have thrown together without order, and juſt as they have come into my mind, ſuch hints and documents as I deem may be of uſe to thee; intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear *Toby*, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the firſt place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—— though I perceive from a glow in my cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak to thee upon the ſubject, as well knowing, notwithſtanding thy unaffected ſecrecy, how few of its offices thou neglecteſt—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtſhip) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without firſt recommending thyſelf to the

protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean, once at leaſt every four or five days, but oftner if convenient; leſt in taking off thy wig before her, thro' abſence of mind, ſhe ſhould be able to diſcover how much has been cut away by Time——how much by *Trim*.

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldneſs out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it, as a ſure maxim, *Toby*——

"*That women are timid:*" And 'tis well they are——elſe there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too looſe about thy thighs, like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors.

——A juſt medium prevents all concluſions.

Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it more or leſs, forget not to utter it in a low ſoft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight ſecrecy into the brain: For this

cauſe, if thou canſt help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the ſame time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are ſome devotional tracts, which if thou canſt entice her to read over—it will be well; but ſuffer her not to look into *Rabelais*, or *Scarron*, or *Don Quixote*——

——They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knoweſt, dear *Toby*, that there is no paſſion ſo ſerious as luſt.

Stick a pin in the boſom of thy ſhirt, before thou entereſt her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to ſit upon the ſame ſopha with her, and ſhe gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it——thou can'ſt not lay thy hand on hers, but ſhe will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canſt, quite undetermined; by ſo doing, thou wilt have her curioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe

is not conquer'd by that, and thy Asse continues ſtill kicking, which there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe——Thou muſt begin, with firſt loſing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient *Scythians*, who cured the moſt intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the ſyrup of hellebore, uſing proper evacuations and purges——and I believe rightly. But thou muſt eat little or no goat's fleſh, nor red deer——nor even foal's fleſh by any means; and carefully abſtain——that is, as much as thou canſt, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens——

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it muſt be the infuſion of Vervain, and the herb Hanea, of which *Ælian* relates ſuch effects—but if thy ſtomach palls with it—diſcontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purſlane, water-lillies, woodbine, and lettice, in the ſtead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at preſent——

—Unleſs the breaking out of a freſh war——So wiſhing every thing, dear *Toby*, for the beſt,

I reſt thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAP. LIX.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal were buſy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent), there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolv'd upon, for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, ſaid my father to my mother—'twill be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother *Toby*'s——to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother enter'd, and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth* volume of ſuch a work as this.——My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my uncle *Toby*'s coat-pocket——and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

I could like, ſaid my mother, to look through the key-hole out of *curioſity*—— Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

CHAP. LX.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle *Toby*'s amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair,——or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it——wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

" Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſubacid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation——he was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall—it could ſcarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap——'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether 'twas a tap of remonſtrance, or a tap of confeſſion: my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſs'd it right—Conſcience redoubled her blow—he turn'd his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eye———Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf——a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chryſtal with all its humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted——it did not——and

now I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes——Heaven above knows——My mother——madam——was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oftimes obliged to find one——And as for my father's example! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head——Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it——And here am I sitting, this 12th day of *August*, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most

tragicomical completion of his prediction, "That I ſhould neither think, "nor act like any other man's child, "upon that very account."

The miſtake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, inſtead of the act itſelf; for certainly key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and conſidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was ——it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your Reverences, That key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs, than all other holes in this world put together.

——which leads me to my uncle *Toby*'s amours.

CHAP. LXI.

THOUGH the Corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle *Toby*'s great ramallie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years ſqueezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not ſo eaſy to be got the better of, and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The Corporal with cheary eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air——had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile ——it curl'd every where but where the Corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was——or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my uncle *Toby*'s, aſſimulated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had moreover wrote GENTLEMAN with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my uncle *Toby* put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have cooperated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle *Toby*'s blue and gold—— *had not Quantity in ſome meaſure been neceſſary to Grace:* in a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle *Toby*'s life, for he ſeldom went further than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him,

that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the ſleeves, was of no advantage.——They were laced however down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King *William*'s reign; and to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle *Toby* thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *ſixes and ſevens*——.

——Yes, Madam,——but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my uncle *Toby*'s wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The corporal had array'd himſelf in poor *Le Fever*'s regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his *Montero*-cap, which he had furbiſh'd up

for the occaſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his maſter: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his ſhirt at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's ſtick—— My uncle *Toby* carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well at leaſt; quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. LXII.

My uncle *Toby* turn'd his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the corporal; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick—but not vapouringly; and with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour "never fear."

Now my uncle *Toby* did fear; and grievouſly too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a Woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his

eaſe near any one of them——unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs; then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone further, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. *Wadman*, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not alout) as bad as talking bawdy.——

——And ſuppoſe it is? my father would ſay.

CHAP. LXIII.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle *Toby*, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. *Wadman*'s door—ſhe cannot, corporal, take it amiſs.——

——She will take it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, juſt as the *Jew*'s widow at *Liſbon* took it of my brother *Tom*.——

——And how was that? quoth my uncle *Toby*, facing quite about to the corporal.

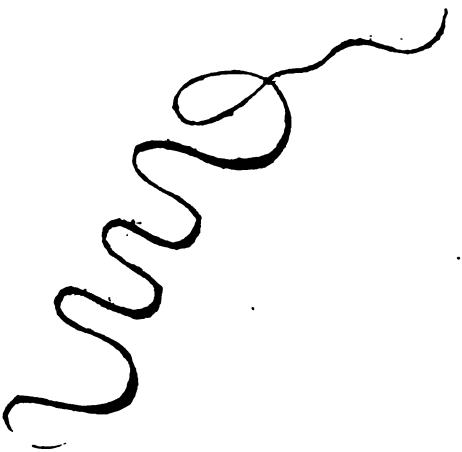
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of *Tom*'s misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if *Tom* had not married the widow——or had it pleaſed God after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquiſition——Tis a curſed place—added the corporal, ſhaking his head, —when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' pleaſe your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true; ſaid my uncle *Toby* looking gravely at Mrs. *Wadman*'s houſe, as he ſpoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be ſo ſad as confinement for life—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, *Trim*——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, muſing——

Whilſt a man is free—cried the corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick thus——



A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My uncle *Toby* look'd earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his

wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his ſtory, and in this form of Exorciſm, moſt un-eccleſiaſtically did the Corporal do it.

CHAP. LXIV.

As *Tom*'s place, an', pleaſe your honour, was eaſy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew* who kept a ſauſage ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill luck to die of a ſtrangury, and leave his widow in poſſeſſion of a rouſing trade——*Tom* thought (as every body in *Liſbon* was doing the beſt he could deviſe for himſelf) there could be no harm in offering her his ſervice to carry it on: ſo without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop—*Tom* ſet out—counting the matter thus within himſelf, as he walk'd along; that let the

worſt come of it that could, he ſhould at leaſt get a pound of ſauſages for their worth—but, if things went well, he ſhould be ſet up; inaſmuch as he ſhould get not only a pound of ſauſages—but a wife—and a ſauſage ſhop, an' pleaſe your honour, into the bargain.

Every ſervant in the family, from high to low, wiſh'd *Tom* ſucceſs; and I can fancy, an' pleaſe your honour, I ſee him this moment with his white dimity waiſt-coat and breeches, and hat a little o' one ſide, paſſing jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his ſtick, with a ſmile and a chearful word for every body he met: ——But alas! *Tom!* thou ſmileſt no more, cried the corporal, looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophiſed him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! ſaid my uncle *Toby*, feelingly.

He was an honeſt, light-hearted lad, an' pleaſe your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

——Then he reſembled thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The corporal bluſh'd down to his fingers ends—a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes, ſtarted into his eye, and ran ſweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby*'s kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of *Trim*'s coat (which had been that of *Le Fever*'s), as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling——he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with his ſtory of his brother and the *Jew*'s widow.

CHAP. LXV.

WHEN *Tom*, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.——'Tis a pretty

picture! ſaid my uncle *Toby*—ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, *Trim*, and had learnt mercy——

——She was good, an' pleaſe your honour, from nature, as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid *Trim*; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of *Tom*'s ſtory, for it makes a part of it——

Then do not forget, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a ſoul? an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much verſed, corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me——

——It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would ſo; ſaid my uncle *Toby*. Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle *Toby*———

——Only, cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her——

——'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——which recommends her to protection——and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*—— where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!——but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim!* will not uſe it unkindly.

——God forbid, ſaid the corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on———but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many

ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice, which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout hem! to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding nature at the ſame time with his left arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended, ſupporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his ſtory.

CHAP. LXVI.

As *Tom*, an' pleaſe your honour, had no buſineſs at that time with the *Mooriſh* girl, he paſſed on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew*'s widow about love——and this pound of ſauſages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheary hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without

much apology, but with great civility at the ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at the table, and ſat down.

There is nothing ſo awkward, as courting a woman, an' pleaſe your honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages—— So *Tom* began a diſcourſe upon them; firſt gravely,——"as how they were "made——with what meats, herbs, and "ſpices"—Then a little gayly—as, "With what ſkins——and if they never "burſt——Whether the largeſt were "not the beſt?"——and ſo on—taking care only as he went along, to ſeaſon what he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather under, than over;——that he might have room to act in——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon *Trim*'s ſhoulder, That Count *De la Motte* loſt the battle of *Wynendale:* he preſſed too ſpeedily into the wood; which if he had not done, *Liſle* had not fallen into our hands, nor *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which both followed her example; it was ſo late in the year,

continued my uncle *Toby*, and ſo terrible a ſeaſon came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops muſt have periſhed in the open field.——

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?—My uncle *Toby* muſed.——

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind ——my uncle *Toby* ſaid nothing at all; and the corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

As *Tom* perceived, an' pleaſe your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.—— Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of the ſauſage whilſt ſhe ſtroked the forced meat down with her hand——then by cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilſt ſhe took them out one by one——then,

by putting them acroſs her mouth, that ſhe might take them out as ſhe wanted them——and ſo on from little to more, till at laſt he adventured to tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held the ſnout.——

——Now a widow, an' pleaſe your honour, always chuſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can: ſo the affair was more than half ſettled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a ſauſage: ——*Tom* inſtantly laid hold of another——

But ſeeing *Tom*'s had more griſtle in it——

She ſigned the capitulation——and *Tom* ſealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. LXVII.

ALL womankind, continued *Trim*, (commenting upon his ſtory) from the higheſt to the loweſt, an' pleaſe your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuſe to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raiſing or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.——

——I like the compariſon, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, better than the thing itſelf——

——Becauſe your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory, more than pleaſure.

I hope, *Trim*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends ſo apparently to the good and quiet of the world——and particularly that branch of it which we have practiſed together in our bowling-green, has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides of AMBITION, and

intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few*, from the plunderings of the *many* ——whenever that drum beats in our ears, I truſt, corporal, we ſhall neither of us want ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling, as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle *Toby* faced about, and march'd firmly as at the head of his company——and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt as he took his firſt ſtep——march'd cloſe behind him down the avenue.

——Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother ——by all that's ſtrange, they are beſieging Mrs. *Wadman* in form, and are marching round her houſe to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare ſay, quoth my mother——— ——But ſtop, dear Sir——for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion ——and what my father did ſay upon it——with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented, and deſcanted upon—or to ſay

it all in a word, ſhall be thumb'd over by Poſterity in a chapter apart——I ſay, by Poſterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of *Moſes*, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time waſtes too faſt: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny!* than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more——every thing preſſes on——whilſt thou art twiſting that lock, ——ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.——

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. LXVIII.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation——I would not give a groat.

CHAP. LXIX.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor *Slop* was overthrown by *Obadiah* on the coach-horſe: as this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. *Wadman*'s houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my uncle *Toby* and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about——"Let us juſt "ſtop a moment, quoth my father, and "ſee with what ceremonies my brother "*Toby* and his man *Trim* make their "firſt entry——it will not detain us, "added my father, a ſingle minute:"

——No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

——It will not detain us half a one; ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother *Tom* and the *Jew*'s widow: the ſtory went on—and on——it had epiſodes in it——it came back, and went on——and on again; there was no end of it——the reader found it very long——

——G— help my father! he piſh'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's ſtick, with all its flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

Curioſity governs the *firſt moment*; and the ſecond moment is all œconomy to juſtify the expence of the firſt——and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth

moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that VIRTUE, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which HONOUR has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries to the end of *Trim*'s ſtory; and from thence to the end of my uncle *Toby*'s panegyrick upon arms, in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that inſtead of marching up to Mrs. *Wadman*'s door, they both faced about and march'd down the avenue diametrically oppoſite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little ſubacid ſoreneſs of humour which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. LXX.

——"Now what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father - - *&c.* - - - -

I dare ſay, ſaid my mother, they are making fortifications——

——Not on Mrs. *Wadman*'s premiſes! cried my father, ſtepping back——

I ſuppoſe not: quoth my mother.

I wiſh, ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, the whole ſcience of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, fauſſe-brays and cuvetts———

——They are fooliſh things——ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way, which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your reverences would imitate—and that was, never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or

had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the moſt petulant contradiction——the few which ſurvived were the better for the *cuvetts*——

—" They are fooliſh things;" ſaid my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvetts*; replied my father.

'Tis enough—he taſted the ſweet of triumph—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly ſpeaking, Mrs. *Wadman*'s premiſes, ſaid my

father, partly correcting himſelf—becauſe ſhe is but tenant for life——

——That makes a great difference—ſaid my mother——

—In a fool's head, replied my father——

Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a child—ſaid my mother——

——But ſhe muſt perſuade my brother *Toby* firſt to get her one—

——To be ſure, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother.

——Though if it comes to perſuaſion—ſaid my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: ſaid my mother, *piano.*

Amen: cried my father, *fortiſſimè.*

Amen: ſaid my mother again——but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfited every fibre about my father—he inſtantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, *Yorick*'s congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament

day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt Lord of the Treaſury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home, with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP. LXXI.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page and the three following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the buſineſs——no; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too,

where neither the horſe or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raiſing powers ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious—WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

——The beſt way for a man, is to ſay his prayers——

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way either moral or mechanical under heaven that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe: ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties——

——I never could make them an inch the wider——

Then by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperace, ſoberneſs and chaſtity: Theſe are good, quoth I, in themſelves—they are good, abſolutely;—they are good, relatively;—they are good for health—they are good for happineſs in this world—they are good for happineſs in the next——

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that ſnivelling virtue of Meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this——

——Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not

blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it public; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. LXXII.

Now in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs gummous through my pen——

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my ſoul*; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a *Dutch* commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done——

——I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff, or a ſtride or two acroſs the room will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my ſhirt—put on a better coat—ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do: for conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably ſits over-againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.——

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run a riſk of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhavings, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity—How *Homer* could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know——and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care——But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (ἐξωτερικὴ πρᾶξις) as he calls it——but he is deceived: the ſoul and body are joint-ſharers in every thing they get: A man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get cloth'd at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himſelf.

For this cauſe, when your honours and reverences would know whether I

writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundreſs's bill, as my book: there was one ſingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, curſed, criticis'd and confounded, and had more myſtic heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not ſeen my *bills*.

CHAP. LXXIII.

As I never had any intention of beginning the Digreſſion, I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 74th chapter——I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper——I have twenty this moment ready for it——I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it——

Or my chapter of *Piſhes*, which ſhould follow them——

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in caſe their reverences have done with them—— they might lead me into miſchief: the ſafeſt way is to follow the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing, tho' I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of *therſitical* ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with——(and by the bye, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the muſter-maſter general of the *Grecian* army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as *Therſites* to continue upon his roll—— for it has furniſhed him with an epithet) ——in theſe productions he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genius no ſort of good——but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this, I have no other anſwer—— at leaſt ready——but that the Archbiſhop of *Benevento* wrote his *naſty* Romance of the *Galatea*, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the *Revelations*, as ſevere as it was look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd ſo, by the other, upon the ſingle account of that *Inveſtment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is its want of univerſality; foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from its uſe: all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of *England*, or of *France*, muſt e'en go without it———

As for the *Spaniſh* ladies——I am in no ſort of diſtreſs——

CHAP. LXXIV.

THE ſeventy-fourth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of "How our pleaſures "ſlip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my digreſſion—— I declare before heaven I have made it! What a ſtrange creature is mortal man! ſaid ſhe.

'Tis very true, ſaid I——but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. LXXV.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their buſineſs lay the other way; ſo they faced about and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. *Wadman*'s door.

I warrant your honour; ſaid the corporal, touching his *Montero*-cap with his hand, as he paſſed him in order to

give a knock at the door——My uncle *Toby*, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marſhal'd his ideas; he wiſh'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door—he hem'd twice—a portion of my uncle *Toby*'s moſt modeſt ſpirits fled, at each expulſion, towards the corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. *Bridget* ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! ſaid my uncle *Toby*——but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and *Trim* let fall the rapper.

My uncle *Toby* perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it———whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. LXXVII.

box the year round; and for the ſix months I'm in the country, I'm upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo *Rouſſeau*, a bar length——for I keep neither man or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Veſtal (to keep my fire in), and who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf——but if you think this makes a philoſopher of me——I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

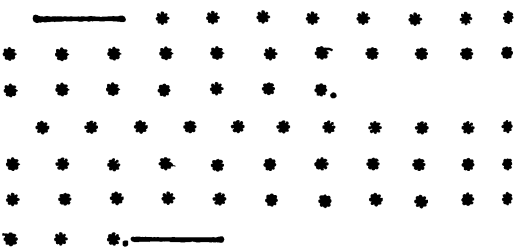
True philoſophy——but there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. LXXVII.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

CHAP. LXXIX.



——You ſhall ſee the very place, Madam; ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Mrs. *Wadman* bluſh'd —— look'd towards the door —— turn'd pale —— bluſh'd ſlightly again —— recover'd her natural colour —— bluſh'd worſe than ever; which, for the ſake of the unlearned reader, I tranſlate thus ——

" *L—d! I cannot look at it* ——
" *What would the world ſay if I look'd at*
" *it?*
" *I ſhould drop down, if I look'd at it*—
" *I wiſh I could look at it* ——
" *There can be no ſin in looking at it.*
——" *I will look at it.*"

Whilſt all this was running through Mrs. *Wadman*'s imagination, my uncle *Toby* had riſen from the ſopha, and got to the other ſide of the parlour door, to give *Trim* an order about it in the paſſage——

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *——I believe it is in the garret, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——I ſaw it there, an' pleaſe your honour, this morning, anſwered *Trim*——Then prithee, ſtep directly for it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but moſt chearfully obeyed them. The firſt was not an act of his will—the ſecond was; ſo he put on his *Montero*-cap, and went as faſt as his lame knee would let him. My uncle *Toby* returned into the parlour, and ſat himſelf down again upon the ſopha.

——You ſhall lay your finger upon the place—ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. *Wadman* to herſelf.

This requires a ſecond tranſlation :— it ſhews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we muſt go up to the firſt ſprings.

Now in order to clear up the miſt which hangs upon theſe three pages, I muſt endeavour to be as clear as poſſible myſelf.

Rub your hands thrice acroſs your foreheads—blow your noſes—cleanſe your emunctories—ſneeze, my good people! ——God bleſs you——

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. LXXX.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in——as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes in her mind, which of all that number of ends, is hers: then by diſcourſe, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe

has got hold of the right one——and if ſhe has——then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, ſhe further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which *Slawkenbergius* impreſſes this upon the reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour I bear the ſex, will not ſuffer me to quote it—— otherwiſe 'tis not deſtitute of humour.

" She firſt, ſaith *Slawkenbergius*, ſtops the aſſe, and holding his halter in her left hand (leſt he ſhould get away) ſhe thruſts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to ſearch for it—For what?—you'll not know the ſooner, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, for interrupting me——

" I have nothing, good Lady, but " empty bottles;" ſays the aſſe.

" I'm loaded with tripes;" ſays the ſecond.

——And thou art little better, quoth ſhe to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hoſe and panto-

ſles—and ſo to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole ſtring, till coming to the aſſe which carries it, ſhe turns the pannier upſide down, looks at it—conſiders it—ſamples it—meaſures it—ſtretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it——

——Of what? for the love of Chriſt!

I am determined, anſwered *Slawkenbergius*, that all the powers upon earth ſhall never wring that ſecret from my breaſt.

CHAP. LXXXI.

We live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles—and ſo 'tis no matter——elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that Nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer its deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature ſhe models, be it but an aſſe's

ſoal, you are ſure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the ſame time ſhould ſo eternally bungle it as ſhe does, in making ſo ſimple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay——or that it is frequently ſpoiled in the baking; by an exceſs of which a huſband may turn out too cruſty (you know) on one hand——or not enough ſo, through defect of heat, on the other ——or whether this great Artificer is not ſo attentive to the little Platonic exigences *of that part* of the ſpecies, for whoſe uſe ſhe is fabricating *this*——or that her Ladyſhip ſometimes ſcarce knows what ſort of a huſband will do——I know not: we will diſcourſe about it after ſupper.

It is enough, that neither the obſervation itſelf, or the reaſoning upon it, are at all to the purpoſe——but rather againſt it; ſince with regard to my uncle *Toby*'s fitneſs for the marriage ſtate, nothing was ever better: ſhe had formed him of the beſt and kindlieſt clay——

had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the ſweeteſt ſpirit——ſhe had made him all gentle, generous, and humane——ſhe had filled his heart with truſt and confidence, and diſpoſed every paſſage which led to it, for the communication of the tendereſt offices——ſhe had moreover conſidered the other cauſes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly * * *

CHAP. LXXXII.

MRS. *Bridget* had pawn'd all the little ſtock of honour a poor chamber-maid was worth in the world, that ſhe would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the moſt conceſſible *poſtulatum* in nature: namely, that whilſt my uncle *Toby* was making love to her miſtreſs, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her——"*And I'll let* "*him as much as he will*," ſaid *Bridget*, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendſhip has two garments; an outer, and an under one. *Bridget* was ſerving her miſtreſs's intereſts in the one—and doing the thing which moſt pleaſed herſelf in the other; ſo had as many ſtakes depending upon my uncle *Toby*'s wound, as the Devil himſelf——Mrs. *Wadman* had but one—and as it poſſibly might be her laſt (without diſcouraging Mrs. *Bridget*, or diſcrediting her talents)

was determined to play her cards herſelf.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand ——there was ſuch a plainneſs and ſimplicity in his playing out what trumps he had——with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the *ten-ace*——and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſit upon the ſame ſopha with widow *Wadman*, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

——AND the ſtory too—if you pleaſe: for though I have all along been haſtening towards this part of it, with ſo much earneſt deſire, as well knowing it to be the choiceſt morſel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the ſtory for me that will—I ſee the dif-

ficulties of the deſcriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week in a moſt uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining, it may be more in the ſerous or globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain——be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt——and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of ſweeteſt humour, who erſt did ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved CERVANTES; Thou who glideſt daily through his lattice, and turned'ſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence——tinged'ſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent nectar, and all the time he wrote of *Sancho* and his maſter, didſt

caſt thy myſtic mantle o'er his wither'd ſtump*, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life———

——Turn in hither, I beſeech thee! ——behold theſe breeches!——they are all I have in the world——that piteous rent was given them at *Lyons*———

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happen'd amongſt 'em—for the laps are in *Lombardy*, and the reſt of 'em here—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gypſey of a laundreſs at *Milan* cut me off the *fore*-laps of five—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration—for I was returning out of *Italy*.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box which was moreover filch'd from me at *Sienna*, and twice that I pay'd five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at *Raddicoffini*, and a ſecond time at *Capua*—I do not think a journey through *France* and *Italy*, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people

* He loſt his hand at the battle of *Lepanto*.

would make you believe: there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the duce ſhould we get into vallies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment.—'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread? —We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and ninepence halfpenny ——who would embroil their philoſophy for it? for heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it——pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hoſteſs and her Damſels in the gate-way, at your departure——and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſiſterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound—— at leaſt I did——

——For my uncle *Toby*'s amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had

been my own——I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike; ſo that whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring either of ſentiment or rapture.

——They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly ——'Tis *Maria*; ſaid the poſtilion, obſerving I was liſtening——Poor *Maria*, continued he (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece, when I got to *Moulins*——

——And who is *poor Maria*? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; ſaid the poſtillion——it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deſerve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again ——they were the ſame notes;——yet were ten times ſweeter: It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation——ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſome-

thing in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor *Maria*'s taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where *Maria* was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide——ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her——

——God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around, for her, ——but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, MARIA made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the

chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

MARIA look'd wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat——and then at me——and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately——

——Well, *Maria*, ſaid I ſoftly——What reſemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *Beaſt* man is,——that I aſk'd the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* ſcatter'd——and yet I own my heart ſmote me, and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for Wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days——and never——never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them——I believe, there was a reſerve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria!*—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſome time, but not *now*, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips ——but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walk'd ſoftly to my chaiſe.

———What an excellent inn at *Moulins!*

CHAP. LXXXIV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we muſt all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour ——I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my yellow ſlippers and throwing it with all my violence to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it——

——That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that

it was as caſual as the foam of *Zeuxis* his horſe: beſides, I look upon a chapter which has, *only nothing in it*, with reſpect; and conſidering what worſe things there are in the world——That it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire———

——Why then was it left ſo? And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be call'd as many blockheads, numſculs, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, gooſecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and ſh--t-a-beds——and other unſavory appellations, as ever the cakebakers of *Lernè* caſt in the teeth of King *Garagantan*'s ſhepherds——And I'll let them do it, as *Bridget* ſaid, as much as they pleaſe; for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the 84th chapter of my book, before the 77th, &c.?

———So I don't take it amiſs——All I wiſh is, that it may be a leſſon to the world, "*to let people tell their ſtories* "*their own way.*"

The Seventy-ſeventh Chapter.

As Mrs. *Bridget* open'd the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle *Toby*'s introduction into the parlour, was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. *Wadman* had but juſt time to get from behind the curtain——lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a ſtep or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle *Toby* ſaluted Mrs. *Wadman*, after the manner in which women were ſaluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirteen—— then facing about, he march'd up abreaſt with her to the ſopha, and in three plain words—— though not before he was ſat down—— nor after he was ſat down——— but as he was ſitting down, told her, "*he was in love*"——ſo that my uncle *Toby* ſtrained himſelf more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. *Wadman* naturally looked down, upon a ſlit ſhe had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my uncle *Toby* would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover of all others being a ſubject of which he was the leaſt a maſter——When he had told Mrs. *Wadman* once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this ſyſtem of my uncle *Toby*'s, as he falſely called it, and would often ſay, that could his brother *Toby* to his proceſſe have added but a pipe of tobacco—— he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a *Spaniſh* proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle *Toby* never underſtood what my father meant; nor will I preſume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under——but the *French*, every one of 'em to a man, who

believe in it, almoſt as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*That talking of love, is making it.*"

———I would as ſoon ſet about making a black-pudding by the ſame receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. *Wadman* ſat in expectation my uncle *Toby* would do ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of that minute, wherein ſilence on one ſide or the other, generally becomes indecent: ſo edging herſelf a little more towards him, and raiſing up her eyes, ſub-bluſhing, as ſhe did it——ſhe took up the gauntlet ——or the diſcourſe (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle *Toby*, thus.

The cares and diſquietudes of the marriage ſtate, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, are very great. I ſuppoſe ſo—ſaid my uncle *Toby*: and therefore when a perſon, continued Mrs. *Wadman*, is ſo much at his eaſe as you are—ſo happy, captain *Shandy*, in yourſelf, your friends and your amuſements—I wonder, what reaſons can incline you to the ſtate———

——They are written, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle *Toby* went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. *Wadman* to ſail upon the gulph as ſhe pleaſed.

——As for children—ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*—though a principal end perhaps of the inſtitution, and the natural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every parent—yet do not we all find, they are certain ſorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear ſir, to pay one for the heart-achs—what compenſation for the many tender and diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſuffering and defenceleſs mother who brings them into life? I declare, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſmit with pity, I know of none; unleſs it be the pleaſure which it has pleaſed God——

A fiddleſtick! quoth ſhe.

Chapter the Seventy-eighth.

Now there are ſuch an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the

word *ſiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all ſuch caſes as this, every one of 'em impreſſing a ſenſe and meaning as different from the other, as *dirt* from *cleanlineſs*—That Caſuiſts (for it is an affair of conſcience on that ſcore) reckon up no leſs than fourteen thouſand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. *Wadman* hit upon the *ſiddleſtick*, which ſummoned up all my uncle *Toby*'s modeſt blood into his cheeks—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had ſomehow or other got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and without entering further either into the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When my uncle *Toby* had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again; ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. *Wadman* had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him—which was the ſiege of *Jericho*—he ſet himſelf to read it over—leaving his propoſal of marriage,

as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an aſtringent or a looſener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world—in ſhort, it work'd not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before——Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject——allons.

CHAP. LXXXV.

IT is natural for a perfect ſtranger who is going from *London* to *Edinburgh*, to enquire before he ſets out, how many miles to *York*; which is about the half way——nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and aſks about the corporation, &c. - -

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. *Wadman*, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin;

and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more or leſs in her feelings, in the one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read *Drake*'s anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into *Wharton* upon the brain, and borrowed * Graaf upon the bones and muſcles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſon'd likewiſe from her own powers——laid down theorems——drawn conſequences, and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor *Slop*, "if poor captain *Shandy* "was ever likely to recover of his "wound——?"

——He is recovered, Doctor *Slop* would ſay——

What! quite?

——Quite: madam——

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. *Wadman* would ſay.

* This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. *Shandy*; for *Graaf* wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.

Doctor *Slop* was the worſt man alive at definitions; and ſo Mrs. *Wadman* could get no knowledge: in ſhort, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle *Toby* himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind which lulls SUSPICION to reſt——and I am half perſuaded the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the devil, without it—— But there is an accent of humanity—— how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-ſurgeon.

" ——Was it without remiſſion?—
" ——Was it more tolerable in bed?
" ——Could he lie on both ſides
" alike with it?
" —Was he able to mount a horſe?
" —Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my uncle *Toby*'s heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper

into it than the evils themſelves—— but when Mrs. *Wadman* went round about by *Namur* to get at my uncle *Toby*'s groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and *pêle mêle* with the *Dutch* to take the counterguard of St. *Roch* ſword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent——Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels—an angel of mercy ſat beſides him on the ſopha—his heart glow'd with fire—and had he been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. *Wadman*.

—And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, a little categorically, did you receive this ſad blow?——In aſking this queſtion, Mrs. *Wadman* gave a ſlight glance towards the waiſtband of my uncle *Toby*'s red pluſh breeches, expecting naturally, as the ſhorteſt reply to it, that my uncle *Toby* would lay his fore-finger upon the place——It fell out otherwiſe——for my uncle *Toby* having

got his wound before the gate of St. *Nicolas*, in one of the traverſes of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of St. *Roch*; he could at any time ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding when the ſtone ſtruck him: this ſtruck inſtantly upon my uncle *Toby*'s ſenſorium——and with it, ſtruck his large map of the town and citadel of *Namur* and its environs, which he had purchaſed and paſted down upon a board, by the corporal's aid, during his long illneſs ——it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever ſince, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle *Toby* meaſured off thirty toiſes, with Mrs. *Wadman*'s ſciſſars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. *Nicolas*; and with ſuch a virgin modeſty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddeſs of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her ſhade—ſhook her head, and with a finger wavering acroſs her eyes--forbid her to explain the miſtake.

Unhappy Mrs. *Wadman*!

——For nothing can make this chapter go off with ſpirit but an apoſtrophe to thee——but my heart tells me, that in ſuch a criſis an apoſtrophe is but an inſult in diſguiſe, and ere I would offer one to a woman in diſtreſs—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

My uncle *Toby*'s Map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

——And here is the *Maes*—and this is the *Sambre*; ſaid the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. *Bridget*'s ſhoulder——but not the ſhoulder next him—and this, ſaid he, is the town of *Namur*—and this the citadel—and there lay the *French*—and here lay his honour and myſelf——and in this curſed trench, Mrs. *Bridget*, quoth the corporal, taking her by the

hand, did he receive the wound which crush'd him ſo miſerably *here*——In pronouncing which, he ſlightly preſs'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for——and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. *Trim*, it had been more in the middle——ſaid Mrs. *Bridget*——

That would have undone us for ever——ſaid the corporal.

——And left my poor miſtreſs undone too—ſaid *Bridget*.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. *Bridget* a kiſs.

Come—come—ſaid *Bridget*—holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and ſliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the leaſt wart or protuberance ——'Tis every ſyllable of it falſe, cried the corporal, before ſhe had half finiſhed the ſentence——

—I know it to be fact, ſaid *Bridget*; from credible witneſſes.

——Upon my honour, ſaid the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart,

and bluſhing, as he ſpoke, with honeſt reſentment—'tis a ſtory, Mrs. *Bridget*, as falſe as hell——Not, ſaid *Bridget*, interrupting him, that either I or my miſtreſs care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis ſo or no———only that when one is married, one would chuſe to have ſuch a thing by one at leaſt——

It was ſomewhat unfortunate for Mrs. *Bridget*, that ſhe had begun the attack with her manual exerciſe; for the corporal inſtantly * * *

poral's heart have been that he had uſed the argument; but the corporal underſtood the ſex, a *quart major to a terce* at leaſt, better than my uncle *Toby*, and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. *Bridget* after this manner.

I know, Mrs. *Bridget*, ſaid the corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, that thou art good and modeſt by nature, and art withal ſo generous a girl in thyſelf, that, if I know thee rightly, thou would'ſt not wound an inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo gallant and worthy a ſoul as my maſter, waſt thou ſure to be made a counteſs of——but thou haſt been ſet on, and deluded, dear *Bridget*, as is often a woman's caſe, "to pleaſe "others more than themſelves——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the ſenſations the corporal excited.

——Tell me——tell me then, my dear *Bridget*, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide,——and giving a ſecond kiſs——whoſe ſuſpicion has miſled thee?

Bridget ſobb'd a ſob or two——then open'd her eyes——the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron——ſhe then open'd her heart and told him all.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations the greateſt part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the *Maes* or the *Sambre*.

My uncle *Toby*, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver, and blue and gold alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and ſo had nothing to communicate——

The corporal, on his ſide, in taking *Bridget*, by it had gain'd conſiderable advantages——and conſequently had much

to communicate——but what were the advantages——as well as what was the manner by which he had ſeiz'd them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the corporal durſt not venture upon it; and as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment——

——Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!——But I have apoſtrophiz'd thee, *Trim!* once before——and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company——I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XC.

Now my uncle *Toby* had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf upon his finger ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. *Wadman*'s perfections one by one; and happening two or three times

together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle finger——Prithee, *Trim!* ſaid he, taking up his pipe again,——bring me a pen and ink: *Trim* brought paper alſo.

Take a full ſheet——*Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed——placed the paper directly before him——took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thouſand virtues, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*——

Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe your honour? quoth the corporal.

——But they muſt be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle *Toby*; for of them all, *Trim*, that which wins me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn and ſingular humanity of her character—I proteſt, added my uncle *Toby*, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the

cieling——That was I her brother, *Trim*, a thouſand fold, ſhe could not make more conſtant or more tender enquiries after my ſufferings——though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle *Toby*'s proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—he dipp'd the pen a ſecond time into the inkhorn; and my uncle *Toby*, pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet at the left hand corner of it, as he could get it——the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - - thus.

Prithee, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as ſoon as *Trim* had done it——how often does Mrs. *Bridget* enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'ſt at the battle of *Landen*?

She never, an' pleaſe your honour, enquires after it at all.

That, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit——That ſhews the difference in the character of the

miſtreſs and maid——had the fortune of war allotted the ſame miſchance to me, Mrs. *Wadman* would have enquired into every circumſtance relating to it a hundred times——She would have enquired, an' pleaſe your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin——The pain, *Trim*, is equally excruciating, ——and Compaſſion has as much to do with the one as the other——

——God bleſs your honour! cried the corporal——what has a woman's compaſſion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? had your honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand ſplinters at the affair of *Landen*, Mrs. *Wadman* would have troubled her head as little about it as *Bridget*; becauſe, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and ſpeaking very diſtinctly, as he aſſigned his reaſon——

"The knee is ſuch a diſtance from "the main body—whereas the groin, "your honour knows, is upon the very "*curtain* of the *place*."

My uncle *Toby* gave a long whiſtle ——but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire——in three words he told the reſt——

My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been ſpun from the unravellings of a ſpider's web———

———Let us go to my brother *Shandy*'s, ſaid he.

CHAP. XCI.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs. *Wadman* had, ſome moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. *Bridget*, who had the burden of her own, as well as her miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to *Suſannah* behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about ——but *Suſannah* was ſufficient by herſelf for all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have, in exporting a family ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to *Jonathan*——and *Jonathan* by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen-fat to the poſtillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy maid for ſomething of about the ſame value——and though whiſper'd in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen trumpet and ſounded them upon the houſe-top—In a word, not an old woman in the village or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my uncle *Toby*'s ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delay'd the ſurrender.——

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did——had but juſt heard of the report as my uncle

Toby ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to *Yorick*, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by——not only, "That the devil was in women, "and that the whole of the affair was "luſt;" but that every evil and diſorder in the world of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of *Adam*, down to my uncle *Toby*'s (incluſive), was owing one way or other to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my uncle *Toby* entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled againſt the paſſion——and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth——as ſoon as my uncle *Toby* was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XCII.

——THAT proviſion ſhould be made for continuing the race of ſo great, ſo exalted and godlike a Being as man—I am far from denying—but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards——a paſſion, my dear, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

I know it will be ſaid, continued my father (availing himſelf of the *Prolepſis*) that in itſelf, and ſimply taken——like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep——'tis an affair neither good or bad—or ſhameful or otherwiſe.——Why then did the delicacy

of *Diogenes* and *Plato* ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

——The act of killing and deſtroying a man, continued my father raiſing his voice—and turning to my uncle *Toby*—you ſee, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable——We march with them upon our ſhoulders——We ſtrut with them by our ſides——We gild them——We carve them——We in-lay them——We enrich them——Nay, if it be but a *ſcoundrel* cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breach of it.—

——My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet——and *Yorick* was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces——

——When *Obadiah* broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the ſervice of the Pariſh, and *Obadiah* had led his cow upon a *popviſit* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer——I ſay, one day or other—becauſe as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſe-maid——ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore when *Obadiah*'s wife was brought to bed—*Obadiah* thanked God——

——Now, ſaid *Obadiah*, I ſhall have a calf: ſo *Obadiah* went daily to viſit his cow.

She'll calve on *Monday*—on *Tueſday*—or *Wedneſday* at the fartheſt——

The cow did not calve——no—ſhe'll not calve till next week——the cow put it off terribly——till at the end of the

ſixth week *Obadiah*'s ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's Bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment—and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip, quoth *Obadiah*, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault——

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor *Slop*.

It never happens: ſaid Dr. *Slop*, but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough——Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Dr. *Slop*———

——It is as hairy as I am; ſaid *Obadiah*.——*Obadiah* had not been ſhaved for three weeks——Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - - - - cried my father; beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory

whiſtle——and ſo, brother *Toby*, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ſs'd, and might have done for *Europa* herſelf in purer times ——had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctors Commons and loſt his character——which to a Town Bull, brother *Toby*, is the very ſame thing as his life———

L—d! ſaid my mother, what is all this ſtory about?——

A COCK and a BULL, ſaid *Yorick*—— And one of the beſt of its kind, I ever heard.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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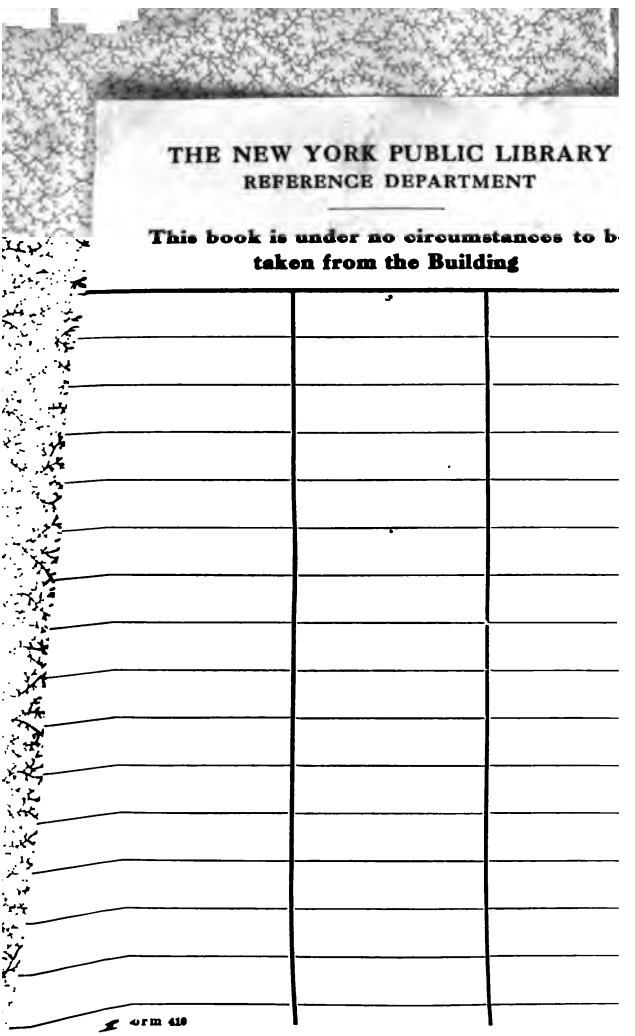
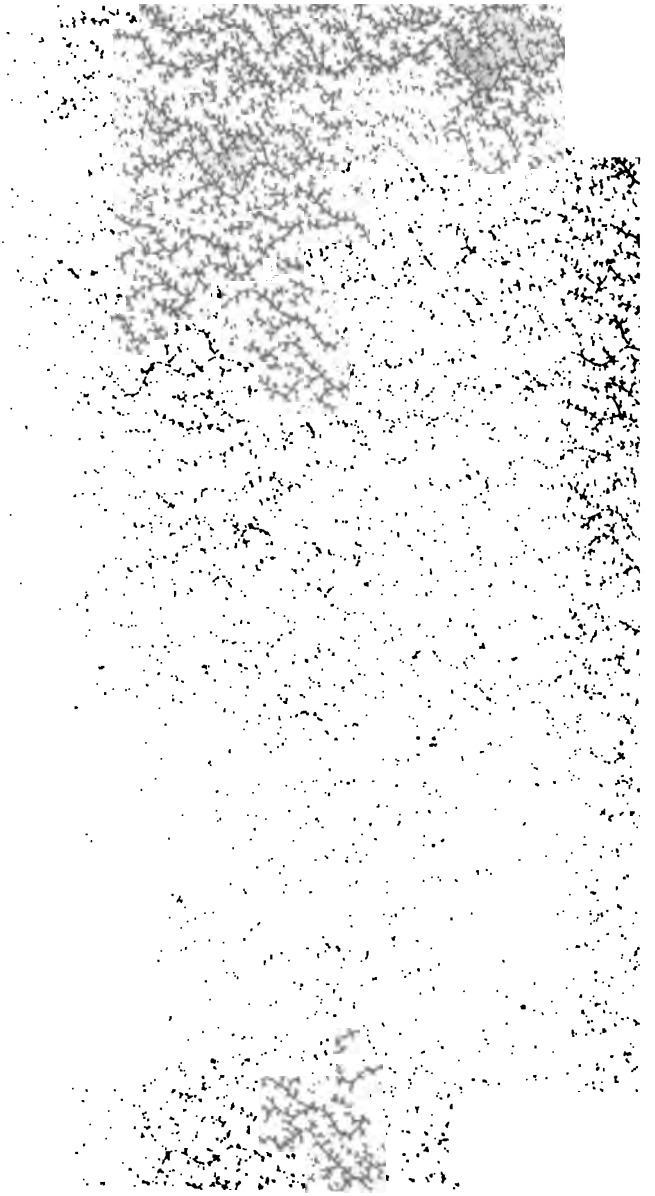
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